WEEKLY LEDGER

ILLUSTRATED STORIES

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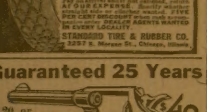

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Emily's Secret
by Muriel Alden

"WELL, Copeland, they have taken away our Wine; Women have no appeal for me; so I have nothing left but Song," exclaimed Harry Moreeno, as he sat down to the piano and proceeded to dash off some of the latest song hits.

Some friends had dropped into the Copeland home for an evening of Mah Jong, and now, the game over, they gave themselves up to cigarettes and general conversation. Moreeno had only recently taken up his bachelor abode in the city, but was fast making friends and becoming very popular on account of his charming disposition, courteous manner and high sense of honor. He and John Copeland had met a number of times in business and with each meeting Copeland's regard and cordiality had increased. Finally he had invited Moreeno to his home and introduced him to his social circle.

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Copeland was not so enthusiastic over the newcomer. In a way she liked him, but for some inexplicable reason, she always felt ill-at-ease when in his presence. He seemed to possess some magical power over her, which she was unable to overcome, and which annoyed and irritated her beyond measure. Vainly did she endeavor to persuade herself that it was all a figment of her own imagination. There was no reason why he had been in her company; she felt the same uncomfortable nervousness as on former occasions, and in attempting to throw it from her, she feigned a gayety and animation far from real.

"Mr. Moreeno, do you mean to tell us that no woman ever thrilled your hot Italian heart?" she asked.

"Never!" he replied. "I'm invulnerable to Cupid's darts."

"Beware, returned Mrs. Copeland, with mock gravity. "Even Achilles had one little unprotected spot."

"Yes, then we will watch you if you don't watch out," laughingly quoted another of the party.

"Better watch your step, old man," added a third. "Remember this is Leap Year."

Harry just shook his head and continued with his playing. Now he changed to a soft "Venetian Love Song." It was the first time he had heard him play anything but popular songs, and they were amazed at the skill he showed in this enchanting selection. Then he drifted into one of Liszt's brilliant compositions. And how he played it! Under his masterly touch the keys seemed to give forth, not musical notes, but living, glowing word-pictures.

Emily Copeland sat pale and rigid, as she in a trance; never once did she take her eyes from the player. Every note of that throbbing melody seemed to strike like a knell upon her soul, and she felt afraid—afraid of she knew not what, but something that would overpower and conquer her.

The playing ended and Harry rose and turned from the piano.

"Mr. Moreeno," exclaimed one of the ladies, "if you play like that very often, some woman will get you in spite of yourself."

"Thank you," he returned; "but is that intended for a compliment or a threat?"

Everybody laughed; and Emily forced herself to join in the conversation which followed. Various musical compositions were discussed, and preferences expressed. After a time the guests took their departure, and Emily at once retired to her room, pausing a moment to peep at her little 3-year-old daughter sleeping happily in her crib, with a doll cuddled tightly in each arm. The mother stooped to breathe a kiss upon her baby's brow; the child stirred slightly, murmured faintly "Mudda," then slept quietly again. Mrs. Copeland smiled sadly and went to bed.

SOME time later when her husband entered the room, she pretended to be asleep; furtively she studied him. They had been married five years, and she really loved her husband and knew that he loved her, altho he never troubled to tell her so. Secretly, practical, attending strictly to his business, occasionally indulging his hobby of coin collecting, absolutely honest with himself and with every one else, never causing her any real worry—yet with all these fine qualifications, she was not completely satisfied with him. What was the one thing he lacked, and for which she craved? He was so matter-of-fact, had lost all the glamour of romance. During the first year of their married life he had been sufficiently attentive, but all that had disappeared, and she missed it, longed for it, more than she dared admit. Harry Moreeno's peculiar power over her had caused her to realize afresh her hunger for the romantic, the passionate side of life. It had aroused to stir up in her a new being, a startling phantom, of which she felt afraid. What did it all portend?

Long after John's down regular breathing told his wife that he was asleep, she

(Continued on Page 13.)

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GENERAL DELIVERY

Mary Langdon Was the Postmistress in a Small Town, and Fred Carter Was a Bank Employe in a Large City. Fred Had a Clever Scheme to Steal a Fortune, and Mary, Tho She Didn't Know It, Ruined the Scheme, But Saved the Man.

BY DICK AXMAN

A SUMMER day in Hawkhurst is typical of a summer day in any other small town of the same size, with one main street two blocks long where anything may be purchased, from a package of pins to a thrashing machine. You can always see a few wagons parked in front of the stores, some ten or twelve autos and a few buggies. For the day of the horse and buggy is rapidly passing. The little flivver is king among the farmers.

About two squares from the railroad station one runs across a store with the words "Candies and Dry Goods" painted on the window, and a sign outside says "U. S. Postoffice."

There was no postmaster in Hawkhurst. If you please there was a postmistress. Mary Langdon was she. Her grandfather had been postmaster, then her father, and when he died she was appointed. Mary lived in rooms back of the store with her mother, who was a semi-invalid whose ups and downs were largely governed by the weather.

The stove prospered nicely in its own little way and Mary was one of the most popular girls in town, and also the most sensible. She had turned down many a fellow who sought her hand in matrimony because she figured they could not give her as pleasant and as comfortable a home as she now had.

Altho Hawkhurst was a small town in point of commercial importance, lots of traveling men seemed to make extended stays there, always seeing that the firm sent their mail in care of general delivery instead of the Palace Hotel, the local hostelry. Who can say, was Mary the reason?

"Quite a heavy mail today, Miss Langdon," said Jim, the boy who met the flyer and brought over the mail.

His voice and presence brought Mary out of a reverie, something in which she seldom indulged. But the warm sunshine of a spring day falling thru the windows had made the store so warm and cozy it had set her thoughts wandering. Put youth and spring together and dreams are inevitable.

"Yes," Mary answered after a delay, "you know the first of the month always brings bills and catalogs."

"But never a letter from Doris." Jim spoke with a sigh.

Mary's eyes grew warm, as she gave him a look of tenderness. "The city must be an awful place," she said. "Let's see, it is six months since Doris left to seek a theatrical career. Well, never mind, Jim, she is probably too busy to write—and just think of the thrill when she becomes famous."

Jim shook his head. He refused to have his hopes buoyed up with simple talk.

"Here we were about engaged," he said, "and that traveling man, after hearing her sing, talked her into going to the city on a stage career. Well, if I don't hear from her soon, I am going to find her there."

He turned and walked out of the store, leaving Mary's mind in a state of confusion in regard to the ways and the truth of a big city.

Mechanically she sorted the mail. Although only 19 years old, she had helped her father sort mail since she was 11. From the looks of the corner of an envelope she could almost tell to whom it was addressed. Certain farmers received certain bills each month, and catalogs from the same firms.

One of the last envelopes that she picked up was a big, bulky affair, the flap sealed with a quantity of red sealing wax. It was addressed to Mr. Herbert Raleigh, care General Delivery, Hawkhurst, Michigan. On the lower left-hand corner of the envelope was written "Hold." Mary looked at it a long time and then put it in the R pigeon-hole. Her feminine curiosity was aroused. Speculating on what it could be, she stopped short. "I'm not supposed to be curious on this job," she said to herself, "even tho comic papers picture the postmistress reading all the postal cards."

And so, during the rest of the day, she thought no more of it. But toward evening a new thought came to her mind and she went back to pigeon-hole R, and, taking the letter out, she scanned the postmark. It read "New York." What could a man from New York want here, was her question. Business? Most of the merchandise used in Hawkhurst was purchased in Chicago, because that was the nearest metropolis. Very few New York men stopped in Hawkhurst.

Two days before the letter reached the hands of Mary Langdon and was deposited in pigeon-hole R at the general postoffice of Hawkhurst, a young fellow about 21 years of age could be seen standing at one of the busiest intersections of Wall street in New York City. He held an envelope in his hand and was looking for the nearest mail box. The envelope was addressed to Mr. Herbert Raleigh, care of General Delivery, Hawkhurst, Michigan. He was the man who mailed the letter, and it was he for whom it was intended. Altho his name was not Herbert Raleigh, he expected to make it so in six months. His name now—and it was the right one—was Fred Carter.

Carter, like thousands of other city youths, was brought up in a whirl of excitement. His folks had managed to put him thru grammar school and two years of high school. Then, after the war, when the shortage of housing came in New York—and all over the country for that matter—and their rent was raised out of all proportion to the family income, it became necessary for him to go to work in order to add his bit to the upkeep of the household.

He was 19 years old when he started in one of the largest banks in New York. At first the vast amounts of money, bonds and other securities that he encountered day by day amazed him. It seemed that they were handled in the most matter-of-fact manner. One package of ten or twenty thousand dollars worth of currency could, it seemed, be carried in his overcoat pocket.

After a year's time he was placed in the bond department. Two months later his father and mother were killed in an automobile accident, and right afterward his sister married, leaving him practically homeless.

It was then that Fred started to discover the bright lights and to find that life was not so sweet on a hundred-dollar-a-month salary. The boys with whom he ran around frequently introduced him to chorus girls, and the chorus girls in turn introduced him to the nicest restaurants.

It wasn't long before Fred was in debt—the first time in his life. And then came visions of the bonds and stocks that piled up on his desk in the course of a day's work. One night after one of his parties, as he lay awake in his room a thought came to him that sent a thrill thru his body. The thought was that he might steal a lot of negotiable bonds and go to some small town to live. But with strength of will power he dismissed the subject from his mind.

As the days passed, however, and the unpaid bills piled up, he knew that something must be done. Plain thievery he would never listen to. Prison bars? No! When a little chap he had taken a trip with his father thru the great Sing Sing prison and the memory of it was so stamped on his brain that he would not run a risk of ever being placed there.

One day a thought came to him which spread a grim smile over his features. Why be like other crooks? They steal and run—disappear. Why not take the bonds and hide them and keep on working? As long as they are well hidden and I do not confess, what can they do, he asked himself. After many sleepless nights he hit on a scheme.

The following day he walked into a book store and asked if he might see a map of the United States. "Certainly," said the clerk, and pointed to a huge map which hung on the rear wall of the store. "There is every town in the country. I trust that it will suffice."

Thanking her, Fred walked back and studied it intently. Looking around to see if she were watching him, he found the clerk absorbed with a customer, and taking a pin from the lapel of his coat he closed his eyes and stuck the pin at random into the map. When he opened his eyes the pin was sticking in the middle of Hawkhurst, Michigan. "Looks like a good town," he said to himself.

He then walked over to the railroad station and asked for a timetable for Hawkhurst, Michigan. That night he studied it and found that Hawkhurst was twelve hundred miles from New York, by way of Chicago. He sat up until 2 o'clock in the morning working out a plan. When he had it perfected he retired.

The next day he bought a large documental envelope and on the typewriter he addressed it to Mr. Herbert Raleigh, care General Delivery, Hawkhurst, Michigan. During the day he sorted out twenty-five thousand dollars worth of negotiable gold bonds, and when night came he slipped them in the lining of his coat, as he put the rest away in the vault.

He left the office as usual that night, joking with the boys, and telling them he was going to sit in the gallery of the theater that evening on account of lack of funds.

As soon as he left the office he hurried home, put the bonds into the envelope, sealed it with sealing wax and took it to the railroad station to be sure that it would go on the Twentieth Century the first thing next day on its way to Chicago.

Then he returned home, and before the mirror he practiced expressions he would use in the morning when he announced that the bonds were missing.

The following morning Fred walked to the vault with mixed emotions—first of fright, then of calm. He could not back out now. The bonds were on their way to Michigan, addressed to Herbert Raleigh. He did not report the missing bonds at once, but after working at his desk for about an hour he went into the office of the chief of the bonding department. "Mr. Green, were you in the vault checking up on any of the gold bonds—the five of nineteen twenty-six?" he asked.

"No," replied Mr. Green, looking up from his work.

"Well, some one has been," spoke up Fred, with a shade of anger on his face, "for they are gone."

Mr. Green at once became all attention. "What's that?" he asked sharply.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold bonds—the gold fives of nineteen twenty-six—are missing."

Green arose from his chair at once and went to the vault with Fred. Together they checked the bonds, but the twenty-five thousand were missing. Green reported the disappearance to his superior, and for the rest of the morning Carter was not questioned.

"They certainly take it calmly enough," was his thought, for the night before he had visions of a grilling at detective headquarters immediately following his report of the disappearance.

When he left the bank to go to lunch he was careful to go to the nearest small lunchroom and order a very frugal meal, for he thought that he might be watched.

After lunch he was called to the office of Mr. Adams, the chief auditor of the institution. Seated there also was a heavy-set fellow with a firm jaw and steely eyes, whom Fred recognized as the man from the bonding company.

Fred was questioned for an hour, but he stuck to the story that he had put the bonds in the vault at night and in the morning they were gone. He was

While she was making change Fred had time to study her. She was a beauty, he thought, so different from the girls he knew.

then sent back to his desk. Late in the afternoon he was again called to the office and told that under the circumstances he was dismissed from the employ of the company.

"We are going to run down every possible clew here," warned Mr. Adams, "and the guilty man will never get away."

A shiver ran thru Fred at these words, but he felt perfectly safe, as he was confident no one could find out the manner in which he had worked the trick.

The next few weeks Fred was content to take any job he could get and to spend money like a miser, for he knew quite well that his footsteps were being dogged by the bonding company. "They will watch me for a few months," were his deductions, "but if I live like a penniless man they certainly will be convinced that I know nothing of the bonds. For he was a student of the photo-analysis and he knew that the detective figured that if he had the bonds he would soon return to the bright lights and women. "I will be there later," was his thought.

Six months passed, every day with a thought of Hawkhurst, Mich., in his mind. He tried to picture the town. "Lord!" he said, "I will die of boredom."

Just before he was to pay his rent on the safe side, he dressed rather snobbishly and went down to the old company to call on his friend Green. But Green could not cover the look of surprise that swept over his face as Fred approached.

Fred held out his hand. "Hello, Mr. Green," was his greeting. "Did the bonds ever turn up?"

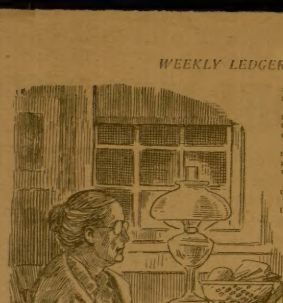
"Hello," replied Green. "No, they never showed up, but I cannot discuss it."

After a brief talk with Green, which Fred told him how hard it was to get settled again, he left the office. "That's boarding the lion in his den," he laughed softly to himself.

The following night he stole into the New York Central Railroad yards and rode the blinders out of New York.

At Cleveland he just escaped arrest in the railroad yards, and decided that from there he would ride second class, using the little money that he had. Arriving in Chicago he found that he could get to Hawkhurst that night by boat, it being one of the last trips of the season.

In a second-hand store on South Clark street he fitted himself up with a fairly respectable looking suit, clean shirt, socks, etc.



On reaching home, he found the widow Brown still reading her Bible—a late hour for her to remain up.

IT WAS a seasick voyager who stepped off the boat in Hawkhurst the next morning, but the bright sunshine and the clean air of the little town revived him immediately.

Let me see," Fred said to himself, "from now on my name is Herbert Raleigh. I must keep that in mind."

From one of the hangers-on at the dock, Fred got the way to the hotel, and in a few minutes he was lobbing down at the Palace Hotel. You could hardly call it a lobby as was more like a bare room. The Palace had been built many years before, and was unlike many of the modern up-to-date hotels which you see nowadays in small towns but which are ten years ahead of the town itself.

Fred registered and was assigned to a room on the second floor where he washed up and brushed his clothes, then went downstairs and with a feeling of intense excitement left the hotel and took the way to the postoffice.

"Just a step," answered Mr. Hart, who was both clerk and postmaster. "Just walk on this side of the street and you can't miss it. It is a one-story wooden store with a sign 'Postoffice' hanging outside."

Fred thanked him and walked leisurely out of the office. The bright sun and clear air made him feel quite optimistic. "There will never be a time when I never get wise to me," he thought. "I will get into their confidence and get some kind of a job here. Then I will gradually establish a will get the banker to keep my bonds and gradually I will borrow money on them."

Before he was aware of it he, walking, quizing he came face to face with the sign "Postoffice." He turned in and at first thought he had entered a grocery place. "It looks more like a grocery and dry goods store," was his first comment. At a second glance he saw the mail boxes and the racks of mail in the back part of the store.

"Is there anything you wish?" Fred was startled by the sound of a sweet voice. He had expected to see some cumbersome fellow, who usually represent the small-town postmaster in pictures. For a moment he was speechless, then he said, "Yes, I would like to purchase a package of cigarettes."

He bought a package and while she was making change he decided that she was a beauty, he thought, as different from the girls he knew, Rouge and powder were not evident from her cheeks and in their place was a prominent air of tan.

"Splendid weather, isn't it?" she remarked, and Fred, glad to carry on the conversation, answered her eagerly.

"I wonder if there is a letter here for me," he casually asked.

She inquired his name and he said, "Herbert Raleigh."

He noticed her give quite a start as the name came from his lips, but without remark she turned to the rack and started to look thru the mail.

"The girl is quite a clever actress at that," he said to himself, for he knew a woman's curiosity quite well, and knew that the letter lying there for six months must have aroused a question in her mind. He held himself in suspense as she looked thru the mail. Six months, that was a long time to hold a letter. What if there was a ruling of the postoffice to turn in a letter to the dead letter office after a certain time? He had not thought of that.

But in a minute she held up the large familiar envelope, the one which had been photographed in his mind for six months. She handed it to him and he slipped it into his pocket.

"Where is the postmaster," he inquired. "I am the postmistress," replied Mary. Fred was taken aback. "Well, a postmistress," he remarked. "That is a rare thing in a big city."

"Oh, I suppose they are all men," she retorted. "Father was postmaster here, and when he died I naturally fell into the work and have been appointed by Washington."

"I am stopping at the Palace and will probably be here for a time," spoke Fred. "Certain unpleasantness in the city has induced me to come to a small town to live, and so forget." He thought it best not to say more, and turning, he walked out of the store and back to his hotel.

Again in his room he became deep in thought. Somehow or other, the meeting with this girl had affected him strangely. He had been accustomed in kidding and boasting with every girl he met, but this one girl, with her sweet, innocent face and her sincere ways, had made him feel quite serious.

The next morning Fred was back in the store quite early. After a cheery "Good morning," he purchased another pack of cigarettes. "This is one of the first things I am going to try to cut down on," he told the girl. "By the way," he continued, without waiting for her to comment, "I wonder if we couldn't get acquainted. I am Herbert Raleigh of Chicago." As he said it, he felt quite guilty, but he shook off the feeling. "This will never do," he told himself. "Me, a hardened New Yorker, to have a conscience!"

"And I am Mary Langdon," she said. "Mary, what a pretty name," was Fred's comment. "All the musical shows in Chicago and New York have Mary for their heroine."

She laughed heartily at that. "Don't talk shows," was her warning. "I just love them but they never stop here. If you want to see one I have to go all the way to Kalamazoo. That is the nearest town that has a show outside of this."

"Would you like to have me tell you about some of the shows I have seen?" he quickly asked.

"I would just love to listen," said Mary.

And so he described them, but in his descriptions he never told her of his close acquaintance with leading ladies and chorus girls.

He was interrupted after a time by a customer, a prosperous appearing, well dressed man, about 45, and apparently a city man.

"Good morning, Mary," was his greeting.

"How do you do, Mr. Harder," she replied. After a purchase and a look over his mail, he started out, but Mary detained him.

"Mr. Harder, I want you to meet Mr. Raleigh of Chicago, and—" she added, to Fred's joy—"a friend of mine."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Raleigh, always glad to meet a friend of Mary's."

Fred was going to protest and say something about their short acquaintance, but on second thought he did not.

Fred saw his chance, and said: "Mr. Harder, if you are going to the bank now I would like a conference."

"Certainly," was Mr. Harder's answer.

Saying good-by to Mary, they walked out of the store and started to the bank.

"Mr. Harder," spoke Fred, "I will come to the point with what I want at once. I have had lots of banking experience, and would like a position with you in the clearing end of your bank."

Mr. Harder looked surprised. "But let me get this right," were his words. "You mean that you are giving up a position in a city like Chicago to come to a small town like Hawkhurst?"

"Exactly that, Mr. Harder. The city has too many rushes for me kindly and I am sick of it. If you would give me a chance I would be very grateful."

"If it were not for the fact that you are a friend of Mary's I could not consider anything like that, because there are a lot of boys here who are looking for just such a chance. However, you come in next Monday and I will find something for you."

Fred thanked him, and as soon as he could leave the banker's company he hastened back to tell Mary of his good fortune.

Harder, Fred found, had such faith in Mary Langdon that he never investigated the framed-up references that Fred submitted. Things went smoothly for a few months. Every night Fred stopped in the store for a chat with Mary Langdon, and sometimes they attended the picture shows. Much to Fred's surprise, his taste for cigarettes seemed to be on the wane, and altho awfully lonesome, at times, for the bright lights and company of New York's gay white way, he seemed to lose the kick he had previously derived from readings of theatrical news in all the New York papers he could get.

The quiet, sincerity, and high ideals of the small town were gradually working their way into the subconscious of Herbert Raleigh—whose right name we know to be Fred Carter. Every night when he retired his little room in the home of Widow Brown, to which he had moved from the hotel, he unlocked his grip and took out the package of bonds to gaze upon them. His desire to cash the bonds was wholly gone. He was rapidly winning the utmost confidence of Mr. Harder, and his New York experience in one of the largest of banking institutions proved a valuable asset to the president of the bank.

INDIAN summer in Hawkhurst is like a series of pictures. The leaves all turn the prettiest brown and the air is clear and cool, with a touch of warmth that is exhilarating.

One night about 9 o'clock Fred was sitting on the porch in front of the store with Mary. Folks in Hawkhurst retire pretty early on weekday evenings, and the street was quite deserted.

"Herb," said Mary, "I know you will pardon me for asking, but I feel that I know you well enough, and take a great enough interest in you, to ask you a question."

"What is it?" he asked. At the same time a feeling of depression came over him, as he sensed what was coming.

"There seems to be a missing link in your coming here," she went on. "Before our friendship grows much further won't you tell me more about yourself, your folks and relatives?" she hesitated, hardly knowing how to ask him the real truth that her womanly instinct had told her he was trying to conceal.

"I will, Mary, I'll tell you all," he said. "But not tonight."

Mary did not press the matter, and there was almost complete silence between them as they sat admiring the beauty of the night.

At 10, Fred rose and said "Good night."

On reaching home he found the Widow Brown still reading her Bible—a late hour for her to remain up. Fred did not at once go to his room, but sat down in the chair by the table. He had a long evening with Mary, and her question which he knew must be answered, as they were rapidly falling in love, had unnerved him. He felt repentant, and as he looked back at the wild, artificial life he had led in New York, he thought with horror of he had been.

Thank God the bonds were still in his possession. He had purposely skipped a coupon. If he could but return them without being caught by a penalty his conscience would be relieved, and he would feel like a new man.

From whom could he get better advice than from the Widow Brown? From his few talks with her he had learned to look up to her as a woman of strong principle, his viewpoint was quite different from that he had acquired in New York. There, sham, pretense, hypocrisy and insincere, was the theme of her talks. the small town was the place where people lived up to the golden rule and the Golden Rule as a standard from which they shaped their lives.

He sat there for a little while and, beating around the bush, he made a complete confession, telling her his whole story from beginning to end.

She listened attentively and when he had finished his story, she said, "This is what I have suspected for a long time." He was quite startled to hear his real name for the first time in months. "Give me the bonds, Fred, and I will go down myself and see the president of the bank and have your account. I am sure that when I return the bonds there will be no one to make them see the matter in the right light so that you will not prosecute you. You know these business men are interested in the return of their property, first of all, and I am sure that I can talk them into being lenient."

Fred felt like getting down on his knees and thanking her, as she unfolded her plan. They talked about it until 11 o'clock—and Fred could hardly bear the widow to be up—and they agreed that she was to leave for New York just as soon as she could get ready.

In a few days, much to the surprise of the people of Hawkhurst, the Widow Brown announced that she was going to New York on business. No one could guess what could call the old lady to New York, as she had never been out of town in fifteen years, but to all she gave the same reason, "Business."

Even Mr. Harder tried to persuade her not to go, and went so far as to offer her the use of his car for the trip, saying if she could stay at home and have the business transacted that way, but she stubbornly refused.

For a few days after she left Fred kept quite busy, going to work early in the morning and remaining late in his room at night. Mary, one night, asked him to take a walk. Fred fallen in love with Fred, and his problem of absence following her questions, convinced her that there was some dark secret in his life.

Three days after the Widow Brown left for New York she was reading in his room when the telephone bell broke the silence. Hurriedly he answered it and a voice at the other end of the wire said, "This is the Western Union operator. I have a telegram for Herbert Raleigh."

"All right, repeat it," Herbert spoke, at the same time conscious of a lump in his throat.

"Everything O. K. Meet me at the depot Thursday night. B."

He hung up the receiver, too much excited to express his thanks or say a word in repeat. It was a load lifted from his heart. He felt a song come to his lips. Then he thought of Mary and his eyes grew dim. How could that sweet, innocent girl ever understand the thing he had done. Somehow, theory, they had never touched Mary's mind—he was sure of that.

Mary looked around, blushed, then smiled: "I have the male here," was her answer.

THURSDAY evening found him at the station as the Chicago express pulled in. Every one watched a passionate little meeting as the Widow Brown stepped off the train. They had all come to know that a great feeling had sprung up between Fred and the widow.

She did not mention her mission until

(Continued on Page 18.)

THE SPITE FENCE

BY ALLAN P. AMES

A Man May Be Very Rich and Have Money to Build a Perfectly Good Spite Fence, But as Long as There Is Plenty of Paint and Irish Wit in the World to Help Out the Poor Widow, the Situation Isn't Hopeless by Any Means!

JERRY HAGAN had been out of the city looking after a painting contract. It was after nightfall when he returned to the Widow Maguire's boarding house and tired out, went straight to bed. When he awoke next morning he had to grope for his watch to learn that it was his accustomed rising time of half past five. Ordinarily the summer sun would have illuminated the farthest corner of the room, but now he had to strike a match before he could read the dial.

"It must be a powerful dark, rainy mornin'," muttered Jerry as he stumbled to the window.

There he first learned the truth: Gazing upward at an acute angle he at last found the morning sky, clear and blue; but only a narrow strip of it, for opposite his window, within arm's length, rose a wall of unpainted pine boards that extended to the eaves.

Sleep-baffled tho it still was, Jerry's brain comprehended the situation instantly. "Of all the dirty, mane tricks!" he raged. "And him, with more than enough money to build a dozen block, takin' the bread out of the mouth of a pore widdy!" Hagan leaned from the window bed, the while his toil-hardened fist against the wooden screen. "I'll git even with ye for this, ye old robber, or me name ain't Jerry Hagan."

On the other side of the fence in his old-fashioned mansion slept the object of this threat unconscious of the fact that his exploit had raised a recruit of unusual resource and determination. Theophilus Bogert was a relic. While his wealthy neighbors had forsaken the side of the city's growth moving restlessly upon them and abandoned their homes for those farther down, he had stayed. One after another the houses about him with their mansard roofs and marble "mantlepieces" were engulfed in the advance of commerce. Some were torn down to make room for stores and office buildings. Others were converted into shops on the ground floor with tenements above. Still others were let to keepers of lodgings.

At last only Bogert and his next door neighbor, an old business associate and crony, remained. With this friend's house guarding one side of his abode and his own ample grounds on the other Bogert had felt secure. But one night his old friend died and his heirs lost no time in selling his house to the first bidder. And Theophilus Bogert awoke one afternoon a little later to find the side gone where in warm weather he took his daily nap, in full view of the Widow Maguire's grinning boarders.

Bogert lived alone. His wife was dead and his two married daughters had started housekeeping in the new residence district on the "Heights." Stubbornly he had resisted their appeals to sell their house and join their retreat. Now when they pointed to the lodging-house next door as a fresh argument he only shook his head, drew his old mouth into a tighter line and sent for a carpenter. And the next day a board fence began to rise at the very edge of his property, not two feet from the widow's side windows. Up it went until from Bogert's porch the only portion of the boarding-house still visible was the top of the tallest chimney. At cost of something like two hundred dollars, and it reduced the renting value of the rooms on that side of the widow's house by at least that sum each year.

But Jennie Maguire had not wrested a living from a hard world for the past ten years without acquiring some stubbornness of her own. There was no hint of defeat in her blue Irish eyes as she told Jerry Hagan the story at the breakfast table. Her plan was then completed and she laughed at his explosive interruptions.

"It's brave little woman y'are," declared the boss painter when she had finished. "And it's too swate and soft y'are to be fightin' this crool world alone."

But in spite of the widow's cheerfulness Hagan knew that the spiteful millionaire's act had emptied several of the rooms darkened by his fence. He knew that she had put the savings of years into the first payment on the house and that interest on the mortgage was heavy. He went to work that day a frown of perplexity, and it was not until afternoon that his face cleared and he summoned one of his apprentice young journeymen to a secret conference.

The following morning Theophilus Bogert was awakened by a hum of voices outside his bedroom window. Drowsily wondering what could assemble so many persons in front of his residence at that early hour, he could distinguish in the murmur sentences like these:

"Who d'ye s'pose did it?"

"Gee! but it's a fine job of painting!"

"Serves the old skinflint right, doesn't it?"

Suddenly aroused to a sense of something personal in these remarks, the "old skinflint" got out of bed and shuffled to the window. His room was at a corner of the house. A glance from the front window showed him a group of a score or more, all gazing and pointing toward the residence of Mrs. Maguire. He stepped to a side window, looked and started back with an exclamation of rage. Opposite loomed the spite fence; but, instead of the virgin whiteness that once had adorned its surface, he stared at gigantic letters of bright green:

THIS IS A SPITE FENCE
erected by
THEOPHILUS BOGERT
MILLIONAIRE

As quickly as astonishment and anger allowed him action Bogert summoned his housekeeper, his butler, his gardener, his coachman, until all the servants stood quaking before the enraged figure in its long dressing gown. But his questions failed to cast any light on the mystery. No noises had been heard during the night. No strangers had been seen skulking about the grounds or loitering on the street next to his residence. He appeared on the fence as quietly as one dissolving view succeeds another on the screen at a picture show.

Baffled in his inquiry, Bogert turned his retainers out of his bedroom each with orders. The housekeeper was to telephone to Hagan's paint shop, which happened to be the nearest, and summon men to paint the disfiguring sign as quickly as possible. The coachman was to have the closed carriage ready at the back door as soon as the master finished breakfast, that Bogert might leave the house and not return until the fence had been restored to its pristine blankness. The gardener was to complain to the police against the crowd on the front sidewalk.

Jerry Hagan took the housekeeper's order from the telephone himself and chuckled as he made a price for which, an ordinary patron could have painted his whole house. Nevertheless the workmen he sent performed their task well, and in a few hours the fence showed no trace of the night's desecration.

A week passed. By means of reduced rates the Window Maguire was able to fill some of the rooms on the darkened side of the house. Altho Theophilus Bogert continued his inquiries, the perpetrator of the night's outrage remained unknown. But every morning on arising the aged millionaire turned first to the side window that commanded a view of the fence.

Then came a day when his late slumbers were again disturbed by the murmur of voices. This time, judging from the noise, the crowd was large, and boots and cat-calls mingled with the confused sounds that ascended to his ears. A peep thru the curtains revealed a throng that nearly blocked the street. He knew why they were there even before he scanned the fence, altho he was unprepared for a surprise as elaborate as what he found there.

The artist this time had discarded green paint for red, and the effect was almost blindingly brilliant. But it was the sense of the inscription rather than its glaring color that roused in the fence-builder a frenzy to which his former rage compared as the glow of distant summer lightning to the flashes of a present thunderstorm:

ON THIS SIDE LIVES OLD BOGERT
WHO IS WORTH MILLIONS AND PAYS
TAXES ON THOUSANDS
ON THE OTHER SIDE LIVES A POOR
WIDOW
WHO IS TRYING TO EARN A LIVING
TAKING BOARDERS

Hastily struggling into his garments the old gentleman hurried to the nearest police station. "Isn't a man's house and property safe in this great city?" he demanded, after telling the desk sergeant his story. "If you don't put a competent man on my beat I'll complain to the chief."

From the police station he went, almost on the run, to Hagan's paint shop. A messenger or the telephone would have accomplished his purpose quicker, but his agitated mind demanded the outlet of personal activity. At the painter's he waited impatiently until he saw four workmen start toward the residence with scaffolding and pails of paint, and he did not begin his breakfast until they were stapping the first obliterating brushfuls over the scarlet letters.

The paint was scarcely dry when it happened again. To the policeman explained it, the electric light at Bogert's corner was tampered with and, under cover of the ensuing darkness, the vandals had done their silent but effective work. The bright blue inscription that morning revealed evidence of haste, but, considering the difficulties surrounding its application, it was a creditable performance and intensely legible. This time the painters had joined poetry with art and the result was as follows:

THIS IS A FIGHT
TWIXT WIDOW'S MITE
AND BOGERT'S SPITE—
A NOBLE SIGHT.

After this the millionaire engaged a private watchman and equipped him with a portable electric torch. This man's sole duty was to patrol the lawn at the foot of the fence during the hours of darkness, at intervals flashing his light along the board surface to make sure that his employer's unknown enemies did not accomplish their purpose by climbing the barrier from the other side.

By this time Bogert's place had become one of the sights of the town. Photographs of it with the fence prominently displayed were features of Sunday journalism. Sight-seeing automobiles changed their routes to pass it, and the owner was compelled to hear the tale of his fight with the widow megaphoned to chuckling audiences many times a day.

But, thanks to incessant precautions, the fence remained unmolested for nearly a month. When the watchman demanded more pay owing to the increasing discomforts of cooler weather Bogert granted it cheerfully. And then when the household began to congratulate itself that the mysterious marauder had been effectually circumvented his handiwork reappeared in a new and unexpected form. Some time he abandoned brush and paint for chisel and saw. The Widow Maguire's side rooms were unusually light and cheering, for the sun shone into them, thru great slits cut in the fence. Viewed from Bogert's side these openings read:

SPITE

Over night the fence had been turned into a great stencil which no application of paint could hide. Bogert's watchman could not be found. There were rumors of his prolonged absence during the night in a nearby saloon, where he was lavishly entertained by a hospitable stranger; and the explanation was that when he returned to his post and discovered the cost of his absence he left his employer's employ.

News of the fourth outrage was all over town almost before its victim was out of bed. A belated policeman struggled desperately to make a way thru the delighted crowd for an automobile containing an indignant young woman who drove straight to the millionaire's door. It was Bogert's married daughter, who had dined with him the day and learned what had occurred thru one of her maids.

Without waiting to be announced she burst into the chamber where the old gentleman was pacing the floor with violent mutterings, shaking his fist toward the window in impotent rage.

"Father," she cried, "I've come to take you home. You can't stay here any longer."

"I can't, hey?" roared Bogert, wheeling upon her. "You think I'm licked, do you? I'll show 'em. I'll have that fence torn down and put up a fence of sheet iron; and I'll have it connected with the city electric feed wires so that when the current is turned on at night the man that touches it will get a shock that will put him out of mischief for a long time! I'll buy two of the fiercest bulldogs I can find and chain them at the foot of the fence. And then——"

His daughter interrupted him:

"Please don't be like that, father. Think of us. We're making all of us the town laughing stock. Do you know that every time you go downtown you are pointed out as the 'Spite Fence Girls.' Augustus says the men made it so uncomfortable for him at the club with their coarse jokes that he hates to go there. And little Thea came home from school yesterday in tears because the children shouted 'Spite Fence!' at him on the street."

"How Theophilus Bogert Vanderpool, aged 7, was the old man's favorite grandchild. "Did they do that?" he roared. "The little rascals! I'll—I'll——" Then he stopped, realizing, even in his rage, the impotence of age against the taunts of children.

"Poor little Thea!" said Mrs. Vanderpool, quickly following up her advantage. "Don't you think it's awful hard to hear the children making fun of you. He'll be just wild with delight if I bring my home to-day. Come, father, we're going to stay. Come, father, there's plenty of room with us. After you've lived on Fifth Avenue all your life you'll wonder how you could endure this horrid, common neighborhood. Nobody lives here any more."

The flush of baffled rage gradually faded from the old man's face and into his eyes crept a look softly repentant. "Do you think the little rascal would enjoy having me around?" he inquired.

"Yes, you'll come," cried Mrs. Vanderpool. "Oh, I'm so glad! And Theodore will be beside himself. The car is at the door. We'll have a bite to eat en-route, fast; then Theo will have a chance to see you before he goes to school."

As Bogert arose in a moment irresolute, thru the open window came a fresh burst of jeering laughter. "All right," he replied; "I'll go."

An hour later Jerry Hagan rang the bell and asked for the master of the house. "I see they've done it again," he remarked to the housekeeper who answered his ring. "And I supposed Mr. Bogert might want some more paintin' done."

"He ain't here," announced the house-

At the painter's he waited patiently.

keeper. "and what's more he probably never will be. He's gone off with his daughter, Mrs. Vanderpool, to live at her house on the Heights."

"What," said Hagan, "he's quit?"

"Yes," replied the housekeeper, who, notwithstanding her air of dignity with the under servants occasionally relaxed in the company of her own class. "Yes; they've got his goat at last. I guess it means that we've all got to hunt new situations. If he does as his girls want him to he'll sell the old place and change he gets."

Jerry departed in deep thought. Altho there was business there to attend to he did not go right over but back to his shop instead, he boarded a car for the office of a keen young friend who was making a name for himself in the real estate field.

"Dennis, me boy," he said, going straight to the point, "I want to get me an option on old man Bogert's place."

"What," exclaimed the real estate dealer, sitting erect at once. "Why there isn't money enough in town to buy him out. We will get tired of tanking him offers we've got now. Money's no object to a bull-headed old chap like him."

"Niver ye mind," said Hagan. "Just do as I tell ye. In about two hours go over to Gus Vanderpool's house on the Heights and ask for old man Bogert. He'll be there and thru breakfast by that time. Ye know your business better than I can tell ye but stick to him until ye have his price and then telephone me for the option money. We'll fix up your commission afterwards and if ye pull off the deal for me ye won't be sorry."

It was nearly noon when the broker entered Hagan's shop. His face was beaming and Jerry knew before he spoke that he had made a successful mission.

"Yes, I got him," he said, "but I'd have stuck it out if you hadn't tipped me off that he had changed his mind about selling. The old geezer turned me down flat at first, but I guess he did it from force of habit, for after I had talked softly to him for a while he fell so easily that I'm satisfied I could have got offering him less. You can have the whole plant, house, grounds and stable, for thirty thousand dollars cash."

"Dennis, me boy," declared the painter solemnly, "ye're a janyous, and ye'll niver be sorry for this day's work. Hurry and fix the papers and we'll have it in black and white before the can repent."

"Denis, me boy," he said—

Late that evening he Wigor Magee published "washing up" after the boarding-house supper. It was her third girl's "night out" and she was tired. Jerry found her alone, resting from the day's labors in her favorite rocking chair. He noted the unaccustomed weariness in her round face and felt that it boded well for his enterprise.

"Mrs. Magee," he asked, somewhat abruptly, "don't ye ever get sick and tired runnin' a boardin'-house?"

"There may be easier ways of earnin' an honest livin'," replied the widow, "but it's the only one I know. If it weren't for havin' so many vacant rooms and——" Her complaint ceased suddenly, for Jerry had extended his arm and begun to wiggle his fat and second fingers as if they were a pair of scissors. "And what do you mean by that?" she demanded in some alarm.

"Cuttin' cowpons," replied Jerry, enigmatically. "For a change how'd ye like cuttin' oof cowpons?"

The widow only stared at his moving fingers with increasing apprehension.

"Eighty thousand dollars in gilt-edged bonds," paraded Hagan. "All salted away in a nate little stale box with a polite young man to fetch thim when ye want to do a little trimmin'—eighty thousand dollars at 4 per cint. Thirty-two hundred a year. A Quane Anne cottage in the suburbs and Jerry Hagan smokin' his pipe on the front piazza."

"Sure the man's stark crazy," ejaculated the widow. "Or is it one of your jokes, Jerry Hagan?"

"It's a joke for sure," admitted Jerry; "but not on me. Listen." Mr. old friend Donovan, the contractor, and two or three of his pals, all byes with fat wads of money—are lookin' for a likely spot to put up a big office building. Donovan was tellin' me the other day that this property of yours was just the location, only the lot is too small. If he could git Bogert's place nixt door and put the two together he said it would be just what he and his frinds were after. Out of somethin' more than curiosity I asked him what he'd give for the two lots, and he said, offhand, 'Oh, about a thousand dollars a fut.'"

"Well, you tell him he can have this place for that any minute," declared the widow excitedly.

"No," said Jerry, "that won't do. He must have both pieces or none at all."

"Then, what's the good of wastin' my time talkin' about it?" demanded the widow with some asperity.

"Softly, softly, darlin'," crooned Hagan. "Since this house and lot are yours, Bogert's are mine for thirty thousand dollars; and I've got his option signed in me pocket this minute. Put the two together and sell thim to Donovan's crowd and there's eighty thousand clear and clane as a whistle, barrin' a small matter of a mortgage which I forgot to tell ye has been transferred to a stingy old curmudgeon named Jerry Hagan. Simple, ain't it? And all ye've got to say is one swate little word."

The Widow Maguire's eyes, still clear and blue as a girl's, sparkled with full understanding. Her next remark was plainly nothing more than coy procrastination:

"An' what'll be my share, Mister Hagan?"

"Sure, darlin', it'll all be yours, ivery cint, if ye'll take Jerry Hagan, too. One swate little word, Jennie, dear. Won't ye say it?"

She whispered it as a young girl might have done, but he had no trouble hearing, for her head was on his shoulder, and her lips close to his ear.

* * *

Anthony's Mistake.

In a book by Trollope we read: "Squash to the pulp of the pumpkin and he is dead as the Gracchi." Little Anthony evidently gave a literal interpretation to the old joke about throwing up a pumpkin and having it come down squash.

IN THE THIRD CABIN

BY CHARLES GORDON

As Master of the Spartan, Selvy Set Sail on His First Trip Dreaming of His Early Marriage to Hallie. Scupper Dick Smuggled Liquor Aboard and the New Master Had to Knock Him Down to Make Him Obey Orders. When Scupper Dick Was Found in the Third Cabin, Murdered, It Began to Look Bad for Selvy and His Romance.

THE building which housed the offices of the North Latitude Shipping Co., was old and rot-eaten, and threatened for years past the violence of a certain young man's exit. For ambitious Hubert Selvy, hitherto first mate on any of the company's steamers which happened to be most in need of his services, thought that about the most wonderful thing imaginable had occurred to him.

Selvy's dearest thought was to tell the dearest person in the world to him of his good fortune. The urge to do this was responsible for his sudden and precipitate quitting of Carter's dingy office, where the president of the North Latitude Shipping Co., after a long characteristic delay, had quietly announced the assignment of the young man was hardly believable. In an incredibly short time Selvy was rapping impatiently on the door of a white washed cottage the lawn of which, wide and well kept, was covered with yellow and brown maple leaves blown from the sentinel-like of shade trees flanking the board walk.

Selvy turned from a survey of the next cottage on the block to find that the door had been opened so noiselessly he had failed to hear any sound.

"I want to see Miss Hallie Madge," said Selvy familiarly. "Where will I find her?"

"She's out planting shrubs in the back yard," replied Aunt Madge. She read correctly the eager look in his eyes and the attitude of his body, both of which was something rarely seen in one of his quiet nature.

Standing on the corner of the cottage Selvy, with his blue cap still in his hand, seemed to let his eyes rest on a girl of twenty summers who was on her knees digging with a trowel. Beside her on the ground lay an uprooted shrub, the lower of which was covered by a newspaper to keep the sun from its roots. The girl's hair, a rich and loosened strand of golden hair fluttered in the steady breeze, and there was a glow of health in her cheeks. She paused to her side and lifted her to her feet, taking the trowel from her hands and leading her off the driveway by a board resting on two wood horses.

Hallie, you could never guess what I'm going to tell you," he said, with difficulty restraining his eagerness to let the secret out before he was ready.

"Oh, I'm sure I can guess!" cried Hallie promptly. "Carter has consented to allow me to go with you on your next voyage. Tell me, did he promise?" Her eyes seemed suddenly to become a deeper blue than the sky above.

"It isn't what you guessed," Selvy smiled. "But it's something that will mean a lot more to you and me than a voyage. Carter has promoted me. I'm to be in charge of the Spartan when she leaves here in the morning for Buenos Aires, South America."

"You mean that you are a commander now?" cried Hallie ingenuously.

"With second-class papers, yes. Are you glad?"

"I know that Carter couldn't keep on forever being blind to your ambitions and ability," the girl explained. "And as for being glad—why, for your sake that I can hardly believe it has really happened. You've been hoping for it so long, you know, and to me man is promoted by Carter he more than deserves it. But I'm grateful to him just the same."

For an instant there was gravity in Selvy's expression, but he suddenly brightened again. "I'll never be the cause to find fault with my service," he assured her confidently. "Carter's a hard man to please, but right and just, I believe."

"I'm sure anything you do is going to be satisfactory," she encouraged, giving his arm a squeeze and suddenly possessing herself of his cap, which he had placed on the board beside him. "And now I'm not going to give you your cap until you have promised to stay for dinner with us. It may be some time before you have the chance to be here again, and Aunt Madge will want to hear of your promotion."

"I'll have to relent and stay, I guess," laughed the young man, and make a pretty picture piloting a steamer without any headgear, wouldn't I? And on my first voyage, too." Together they went into the cottage from the rear, and in the kitchen discovered Hallie's Aunt Madge making busy rounds between the hot range and the kitchen cabinet in preparation of dinner.

"Oh, Auntie, I've got the greatest news to tell you," cried the girl as she hastily donned a large apron and began making herself useful. Then, as Selvy stood by and watched her flit about from table to stove and stove to table, she related what he had told her about his promotion, only in far fewer words and in less time, so that by the time Aunt Madge had all the facts dinner was on the table.

For Hallie, who had been left by her aunt since she became an orphan when a small child, and Selvy were all but engaged; in fact, it truly launched the the announcement of their engagement had already been sent out, and now that Selvy's promotion had come a responsible position and a comfortable income, there appears to be another little cottage for their own some day to be realized. And because of the happy prospect of the future they were unusually gay during the time they were together that afternoon; but the time until Selvy was due to report to Carter passed all too soon.

SELVY re-entered the ancient main office of the North Latitude Shipping Co. more quietly than he had left it earlier in the day. A man of few words, but hardly showing his age, with a white, tireless face and sharp eyes, turned and resumed the conversation which had been abruptly cut off that morning by the young man's exit, as naturally as the several hours had not passed since he had begun telling Selvy what must be done to get everything ready for an early start. He motioned Selvy to a chair, and shifted several papers fastened with clips.

"These bills tell roughly what your cargo is, going to Buenos Aires, and also what you are to bring back on the return voyage," said Carter brusquely. "The business of this company, as you should know, is run according to rigid schedule, and any one who violates that schedule is going to experience something unpleasant. I'm giving you fair warning so that you'll know to always be punctual and execute orders to the minute."

"Yes, sir," said Selvy nervously. "I understand."

"Another thing," resumed the older man. "When we send a man out in command of one of our ships we put that ship in his care and expect him to see that it comes back to port in good condition. We cannot afford to keep men who will not take care of our property. And now about these papers. I'll expect you to observe them and the when loading and loading to check up everything put in the holds so you'll know just what you're carrying. Here are your first mate, has a duplicate set of these papers, and he's attending to the checking of the cargo while you keep him must look over his papers and see that there are no mistakes; and you'd better get busy with him and start early. Remember what I said about being punctual. I'll expect you back in port on schedule time if the weather holds good."

"Yes, sir," said the young man with alacrity, and he took the papers which Carter offered hurried from the office.

When, at 10 o'clock, all arrangements were completed there was no longer a bustle of activity about the Spartan as the night watchman came on duty. Selvy he sought his bed at the hotel where he had left word for the city and tho he was very excited after the events of the day he was asleep in a few minutes. Only the heavy rain clock prevented him from being late for duty on the first day of his life, or as such he thought it to be then.

The docks were still shrouded in darkness as he made his way to the fourth mate's bridge on the stern of the Spartan gently nosed against the mass of concrete to which it was anchored. For a minute or two Selvy was alone, and as he contemplated the vessel which was to be just as proud as any Alexander gloating over his conquests. For him it was a moment of thrills each of which he had experienced before, and one which he was to remember long. Unconsciously his shoulders went back and his head was held out. At that instant the first mate, a man with a Scotch face and red hair, stepped from the darkness and paused beside him.

"Everything ready, sir?" he asked deferentially.

"Yes," replied Selvy. "Are the crew all aboard?"

"All aboard, sir. And [illegible] Here come the tugs."

With a bundle of papers under his arm Selvy made him look like a newsvendor. Selvy answered the mate's salute, man at the motionless wheel and hurried to his cabin, his heart so full of emotion that he hardly trusted himself to speak. But he came out on deck again in time to see the tugs attaching themselves to the steamer above them with short screeches of whistles and a grand bustle. Even these everyday preparations smacked of romance to him.

young commander, and there was a peculiar tightness in his throat which had never been there before when he felt the ship drawing away from the pier toward the desert of open water beyond.

THE first day out, he had been dismayed to find that for a second mate he had a man who approximated his idea of the old-time buccaneer. He was called Scupper Dick, by his associates, tho on the company's books he was merely Dick Henton. Why Carter should ever have hired such a man was a mystery to him; but the reason was simple enough. "Scupper Dick" was an efficient seaman, and no doubt could have enjoyed higher in nautical knowledge than any of the North Latitude Shipping Company's skippers. Why he was not given a more responsible position than second mate was due to the fact that he was unable to stay sober for more than a few weeks at a time.

Selvy rightly divined that if there were trouble on the Spartan "Scupper Dick" would be the cause of it. Peace was foreign to the man's nature, and the young commander heartily wished that he might have had the chance to choose a more desirable second mate before starting on the voyage. His apprehension increased when he saw that Henton seemed to consider him an enemy from the first, most probably because of the fact that he did not like to see such a young man in a position above himself, a more able seaman and by every right a more fit man for the job, if only his good qualities were considered and his faults remained hidden.

In spite of indications, trouble did not arrive as soon as Selvy had anticipated it. In the middle of the night the lights of Buenos Aires drew closer on the starboard side and at daylight the Spartan glided into the South American port and soon hurrying natives were transferring the cargo to the decks. During this activity Selvy went ashore to deliver the papers given him by Carter to the man to whom the cargo was consigned, and to arrange about the return cargo. His absence from the Spartan presented the opportunity for the beginning of the trouble.

While he was gone "Scupper Dick" went ashore on an errand of his own, and Curtis, being busy superintending the unloading of the cargo, failed to notice that Henton was not on board. When the second mate returned he carried a bulky parcel which when it was opened later proved to contain several bottles of native whisky of a very potent variety. Evidently "Scupper Dick" contemplated one of his periodic drinking sprees, and this secret must be kept hidden from the responsible members of the crew, for the use of liquor on any of the North Latitude Shipping Company's ships was forbidden.

Selvy saw little of the second mate during the days when the Spartan was getting another cargo and, after that, heading toward the home port.

As the calm weather continued and nothing happened to disturb the routine of affairs on the Spartan, Selvy grew hopeful that they would reach port without a mark marring the record he maintained in his pride when he should report to Carter. Then one morning he came on deck and found himself facing Scupper Dick, whose bleary eyes and staggering gait proved that he had been drinking. It was the commander's first duty to see that no liquor was brought aboard, and in the event that it came there without his knowledge the blame he could do was see that it did not remain.

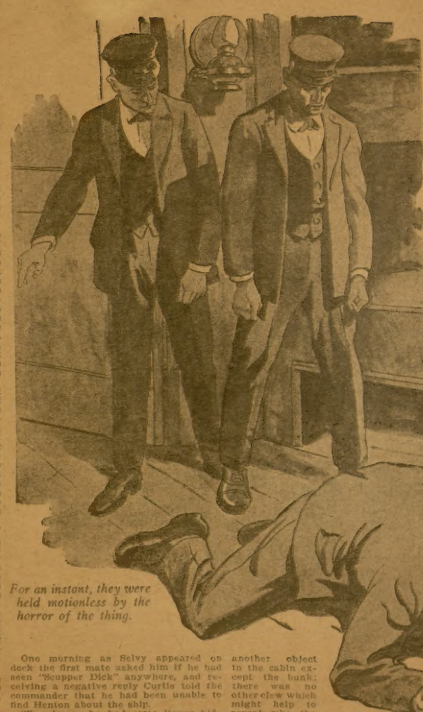
He demanded that Henton bring the bottles over to him, but the second mate laughed crazily and sneered, "You're a h—l of a cuse to be commandin' a ship an' givin' like orders!"

"It's not your place to question my position or authority!" said Selvy sternly. "Bring out that liquor!"

"Scupper Dick" scowled and clinched his fists. "You go to h—l!" he growled. "It ain't none o' your business!"

There was a sudden halt in his speech as Selvy, angered and acting more because of the impudence than because of the other's insubordination, struck the second mate in the face with all the power of his body. The oath of wrath which was only half uttered before the younger man's fist sealed his mouth. Henton's head struck the deck and sprawled to the deck full length. After that "Scupper Dick" appeared willing enough to produce the bottles of liquor which Selvy uncorked and fed to the sharks, and threatened to imprison the second mate in one of the stateroom cells if there was any more insubordination.

At the right of the officers' quarters there was a row of cells, each running half the length of the ship, where most of the crew slept. The third cabin, however, here almost the whole duration of the others that a "ha'nted house" does to its neighbors, for this cabin had in some manner acquired a bad reputation and no one would stay there, most of the men being superstitious, as sailors are apt to be. In the cabin the bunks were bare of covering, and overhead a loose board banged eerily when a heavy swell caught the vessel and threw her violently to one side. There was nothing in the cabin except the bunks, and as the porthole and door were always kept closed the interior was naturally gloomy and an ideal place, to the minds of the superstitious, for ghosts.



For an instant, they were held motionless by the horror of the thing.

One morning as Selvy appeared on deck the first mate asked him if he had seen "Scupper Dick" anywhere, and receiving a negative reply Curtis told the commander that he had been unable to find Henton about the ship.

"You know, he had some liquor hidden aboard," said Selvy thoughtfully. "It's possible that he had two caches and did not give it all to me. He must have been drinking last night and got down. We'll search the vacant cabins."

It was Selvy himself who made the gruesome discovery. He noticed the door of the unused third cabin, half open. Entering the dim room with the first mate following close at his heels, Selvy saw a heap of what appeared to be clothin the gloom. When his eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness he saw that it was the form of a man. He called somewhat excitedly for a light, and when one came the three now present beheld "Scupper Dick" lying face down on the cabin floor.

The second mate was dead. Extending from the top of his head to the nape of his neck, was an open cut which looked as tho it had been made with an ax or a cleaver, for nothing but such a heavy instrument could have split the thick skull. The only thing which could possibly have been used as a weapon in the cabin was a small compass saw lying in the corner of the room, but no one on the ship could swear that it had not been there the day before or in fact for months, as it had been a long time since any one had ventured even to glance into the cabin.

In spite of the man's evil nature, Selvy had a feeling of pity for the gruesome bundle of lifeless clay. And there was not a person on the ship who was not horrified when they viewed the murdered second mate. For no one doubted that he had died at the hands of an enemy. The fact that the deed had been committed in the supposedly haunted cabin made the tragedy appear more terrible in the eyes of the crew, the Selvys never having thought much about the stories told of the mystery cabin, paid little attention to the coincidence. But he saw that the tragedy had made a deep impression on the men; and after that it was difficult to keep a watch fore and aft, for the men, in daytime or dark, they were afraid to be alone on the ship after dark.

With the aid of the first mate Selvy searched the cabin thoroly, thinking it his duty to look for clews which might be there, so that if the authorities decided to investigate the murder, which he was pretty sure they would, they would have something to work on. But beside the compass saw there was not another object in the cabin except the bunk; there was no other clew which might help to reveal who the murderer was.

Henton certainly had been struck down by some hand. But who had committed the deed?

He covertly observed every member of the crew, even going down into the engine-room, ostensibly on a tour of inspection, to see if any of the stokers showed signs of guilt. At such a time, while the grewsome picture was still fresh in the minds of the men, he thought it an ideal opportunity to see who betrayed any hint of having done the deed. But beyond a natural nervousness none of the men showed any emotion, and he soon became convinced that none of the crew had murdered Henton. There was only one other plausible theory left. There was a stowaway aboard who had committed the fatal deed.

But a careful and patient search of every accessible part of the ship where a person could possibly hide brought no results in the way of producing the stowaway. Selvy hardly thought it possible that there could be a hidden compartment anywhere about the ship where one might hide. He was puzzled. There was a chance that some one had boarded them in the night from another vessel, committed the murder, then slipped away in the darkness. But he knew how small such a chance was. The watch would be almost certain to observe such a person either coming aboard or leaving, and their attention must surely have been attracted by the sound of any one boarding, for a boat tied alongside would made considerable noise bumping against the ship. The more he thought about the tragedy and the evidence apparently connected with it, the greater became his puzzlement. Curtis could not help the situation. He admitted that how the deed had been committed was beyond his reasoning powers.

After making a search of the body, distasteful tho the task was, Selvy ordered it buried, following the rules of burials at sea.

SELVY'S arrival back in the home port was not the triumphal one he had pictured when he learned that the Spartan was to go on a voyage under his command. He approached the offices of the North Latitude Shipping Company with misgivings, divining an unpleasant time either with Carter or the authorities in explaining Henton's demise.

Selvy made the usual report of the incidents of the voyage, turned over papers, then after some hesitation came to the unpleasant part of the task and told sketchily of the murder and the subsequent events. Carter showed no emotion beyond the deepening of the frown on his forehead as the commander related the main facts of the tragedy, and Selvy seemed to feel that the older man's silence was ominous.

"I suppose the authorities should be notified," said Selvy in conclusion. "I would rather that you do so, tho, because I would like to visit some—friends who will be anxious to know that I have returned. I can be back here by the time the preliminary investigations have been made, and in case I'm wanted you can find me at 319 Maple street, at Mrs. Thurston's home."

"I guess that will be satisfactory," said Carter, without a change of expression. "But you want to be in calling distance until this thing is cleared up. I'm sure the police will want to question you." He reached for the telephone and called police headquarters. After hesitating an instant, as the he had left something unsaid, Selvy left the office and hurried to the little white cottage on Maple street.

OVER the telephone Carter gave the facts to the police chief just as Selvy had related them, and the chief had only a vague idea that a murder had been committed at sea on board the Spartan when he turned to the only operative who happened to be in his office at that moment, Bruce Swanson, a detective who had gained a great deal of local fame as a sleuth.

"This will be a case for you to buck," said the chief with a frown. "It's a cinch that this Henton was murdered, but no one in the crew seems to be suspected of the murder, and Carter says that no stowaway was found on board. We clear, so it's up to you to find out. You've run on a hard one now, my boy."

"I fancy I can handle it," returned the detective complacently. Since the spotlight of publicity had been turned on him he had become too much impressed with his importance.

"I'd get on the good side of the crew and find out all they know," advised the chief. "You can find the ship easily enough—the Spartan, second mate, Curtis, the first mate, is in charge while the commander is reporting. This is the captain's first trip on that craft, I hear. You might learn something by questioning him."

Swanson pricked up his ears at this, and there seemed a hidden meaning in his words as he said slowly, "Yes, I might."

At the door he paused and turned back. "You say this man is at Carter's office now? Is he in communication?"

"Suppose he is," replied the chief, "but I'll make sure." When the connection was made he held a short conversation on the telephone and then replaced the receiver back on the hook. "He's just left the office. You can find him at 319 Maple street if you want him."

"All right," said Swanson, and hurried off.

About the second pier there was a bustle of activity when the detective arrived. Swanson had some difficulty in finding Curtis, but the first mate he discovered talked willingly enough if apparently disliking to discuss the actual tragedy. Swanson asked to be shown the cabin where the murder had been committed, and while searching there for clews he was annoyed by the crew crowding about curiously, and was on the point of demanding that they be sent away when a chance remark reached his ears.

"In it true that Selvy and the second mate had some trouble a few days be-

fore the murder?" he asked of Curtis.

"Yes," the first mate admitted, and proceeded to relate just what had occurred between the two men. He had seen Selvy knock "Scupper Dick" down and also had been present when the liquor was poured overboard. "But if you mean that the captain had anything to do with it——" he said, when the detective interrupted him curtly.

"I'm not supposing anything that there is not good reason to believe is true," said Swanson as he turned to the curious man who watched him. He questioned them about the trouble between the captain and the second mate, evidently doing so on the supposition that Curtis was holding back some information in order to shield his friend. But they could add nothing to what the first mate had already told him, as they had not witnessed the scene, except that they had heard Henton threatening the young skipper after the trouble.

Selvy had spent a pleasant half-hour with Hallie and her aunt, in spite of the fact that the tragedy had been mentioned and the main facts related. He promised to come back again in the afternoon, explaining that he might be wanted to help clear up the mystery attached to Henton's death, and left the cottage. He did not see the man who was concealed effectually behind one of the giant shade trees and watching the house closely, until Swanson fell into step beside him and inquired his name.

Selvy showed no surprise when the detective drew back his coat and revealed a silver badge, the sight of which was familiar, and he seemed to attach no significance to the fact that there was an unnatural bulge in Swanson's right coat pocket where his hand rested. "You're wanted at headquarters," said the detective. "We want to clear up this murder business as soon as possible, and we want your testimony."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to give you much help in that direction," said Selvy. "I have no idea how any one could have committed the deed and then so mysteriously disappeared from the ship."

"There is no proof that the murderer did not remain on the vessel all the time," Swanson observed rather shortly.

"Then you believe that one of the crew killed him?" asked the young commander.

"Yes; in fact, I'm quite certain of it."

"I hope you are mistaken," said Selvy, "because I do not think any of the men would have done such a crime. They were all superstitious, and afraid to enter that cabin."

"You are right about this last," remarked the detective significantly. "None of the sailors would have dared to go in the cabin. That leaves only one other theory, and therefore narrows my deductions down until I can afford to be confident. The crime was committed by some one on board who was not superstitious and afraid to enter the third cabin where Henton met his death."

Now for the first time Selvy seemed to divine the drift of Swanson's talk. "Then that leaves only Curtis and myself. And I am ready to swear that Curtis never could have killed Henton, even if the two had been enemies, which they were not." He paused. "That leaves me as the only suspect."

"That is why I want to question you," responded Swanson. "You are the only person on the ship who could have a reasonable motive for getting rid of the second mate. And you had a perfectly good reason for wanting him out of the way, because you knew that he was bent on revenge and would not hesitate to take your life if the right opportunity presented itself."

Still Selvy did not seem to realize the seriousness of his position. "But I am certain that I did not commit the crime, and I believe your theory that Henton was murdered by some one of the Spartan's crew is unsound, tho from your point of view you may think it perfect. But I know the men better than you, and I can say confidently that the second mate was murdered certainly by some one besides any person on the ship that we knew of. It is possible that a stowaway could have hidden himself in the cargo."

"We'll thrash this out at headquarters," stated the detective with finality, and after that Selvy was silent until the big ominous building housing the police department was reached.

THERE was a short interval of waiting while the chief held up the beginning of the grilling until Curtis and several of the crew arrived to give their testimony. The first mate threw his superior a glance of sympathy as he entered; the men following him, all very much ill at ease, ranged themselve along the wall and stood awkwardly at attention. Everything now being in readiness, at a signal from the chief Swanson began questioning the men.

The chain of circumstantial evidence was welded more securely about the commander by the facts that the men from the Spartan swore to. From the first Swanson was cock-sure, supremely confident of victory. The sailors were not of an intelligent class, and they had a wholesome dread of being in the clutches of the law, therefore, hoping to save themselves trouble, they promptly undertook to make the evidence point to the very logical fact, in the eyes of the law, that Selvy was at least implicated in some manner with the crime, if not the actual slayer. They did not do this intentionally; because of their great fear of the law they grasped at any chance to vindicate themselves, and saw this chance in helping to make things look darker for their commander.

But Curtis was determined to say something in favor of the commander, and the chief overrode Swanson's objections that the evidence could stand as it was until the regular court trial. Selvy heard this and realized with a sinking of his heart that they intended to prosecute him. Visions of the grim jail which he had passed often sprang into his mind, mingled with a dim picture of a courtroom and a haggard young man going on a trip "up the river." He calculated his chances of getting to the door before some one blocked his way or shot him. Swanson seemed to read his mind, for his hand shifted in his pocket and Selvy saw the point of something bulging out. There was an actual, crushing weight on him, he thought, as he listened as one in a state of semi-coma to the first mate making a plea for him.

"I know he didn't do it!" Curtis was saying vehemently. "He never feared Henton for an instant, of that I am sure, and he had no grudge against him. He merely did his duty as commander of the ship when he punished Henton for refusing to obey orders, and it was not the first time that Henton had been reprimanded. I've seen the former skipper of the Sparton knock him down half a dozen times in one day. If you could look at it in the right light you'd see that it was foolish to accuse the captain on the evidence as it has been presented. You'll have to admit that no weapon was found——"

"It would have been a very simple matter for him to drop the weapon overboard," put in Swanson with triumphant complacency.

The glance which Curtis turned on him was anything but friendly. "That's the way it is with you detectives. When you get it into your heads that a certain person is guilty of a crime you do all in your power to convict them, instead of letting things work out to a natural conclusion by working on the evidence without any prejudice. If it were merely a desire to escape as much work as possible you might be justified in doing that, but when there is a human life at stake you should be willing to put in a little extra work to find the guilty one."

His voice was quietly scornful, and when he was thru lecturing the somewhat surprised Swanson he turned to the chief. "You certainly ought to be fair-minded enough to see that there is reason in my arguments," he said almost pleadingly. "At least don't jump to hasty conclusions——"

"Oh, there will be no great hurry," interrupted the chief. "But we can't afford to overlook the evidence. There was most assuredly a reason for the murder, and it would be foolish to let the only man go who could have a motive, as far as we can presume on the present evidence. We'll have to send for the prosecuting attorney and get his opinion. Perhaps it may be possible to arrange bail for the prisoner."

During the interval before this official arrived Selvy was mostly concerned with thinking of what his few friends would say when the news of his arrest and imprisonment reached them, if he could not secure any one willing to give bond for him. He sat slumped in the chair opposite the chief, who busied himself with papers on his desk until the prosecuting attorney should arrive. Curtis strode nervously back and forth past him, evidently very indignant at what he considered the unfair treatment of the young man. He scowled at the men of the Spartan's crew, who still appeared to be extremely nervous, as tho he could have throttled them for their treason in testifying against their commander. It was only a few minutes until the prosecuting attorney came in.

The facts of the case were presented to him briefly by the chief, and after a moment of deliberation, tho his mind seemed to have been made up from the first, he declared that unless the prisoner could produce bail for ten thousand dollars it would be necessary to keep him in jail until the day of the trial, which he fixed for a week from that date. Selvy realized that he could never raise that amount himself, and felt that imprisonment was inevitable. But aid came from an unexpected source.

"I'll make good the bond," Curtis announced, "if you will hold up the proceedings until I can get the deed to my property. I can be back in a few minutes."

After more deliberation the prosecuting attorney agreed to this, and Curtis hurried away. To Selvy it seemed that he was gone hours, tho it was but a short time before he was back with the necessary document to prove that he was the owner of property the value of which was equal to the amount of bond required. In the meantime the others of the Spartan's crew who had been called to testify had been allowed to go, and they went gratefully. It took a few minutes to go thru the formalities which would allow Selvy his freedom until the day of the trial, but soon he found himself outside of the forbidding building again—free for the time being.

"I've got to get back to the Spartan now," said Curtis, and now there was no longer any difference between them because one ranked higher than the other on the ship.

Selvy tried to thank the first mate for the aid he had given him for defending him, but he only succeeded in stammering a few words, so great was his emotion. "It's all right," Curtis assured him as their hands gripped. "I know you are innocent and if I can find any way of preventing it I'm not going to see you sent to prison for a crime some one else committed. I'll see you again when I'm at leisure."

Selvy was still dazed and stunned mentally when he made his way to Carter's office. The president appeared slightly surprised to see him back, evidently having expected that he would be placed in jail; but he did not show enough interest even to ask how things had come out.

Selvy told him anyway, however, and then asked, "Do I still keep my job, or am I—fired?"

"No-o, not yet," Carter replied. "I'll wait until after the trial before making a decision. Curtis will look after the Spartan while this affair is being settled." Apparently it made not the slightest difference to him how the trial came out. He offered no sympathy, but, rather grudgingly, allowed Selvy what was due him of his salary, as the young man knew that he would need all the money he could raise to pay an attorney and meet the other expenses.

OUTSIDE of the office he debated whether he should tell Hallie and her aunt of his plight, was almost persuaded not to do so by a momentary sense of shame, then resolutely determined to see the thing thru like a man and allow his friends to sympathize with him and remain loyal, or desert him, as they chose. His calmness had once more almost fully returned when he arrived at the little white cottage. At the door doubt assailed him again, but he forced himself to keep his resolution. He need not have feared that either Hallie or her aunt would turn him away because the law was seeking to brand him as a murderer.

His welcome was as warm as ever, and it required a great effort of his will to tell them of his arrest and the preliminary hearing following. Aunt Madge was sympathetic; Hallie was both sympathetic and indignant, as well as quite alarmed at the dark prospect if things continued to go against him.

"I cannot imagine how any one could be so stupid as to get it into their head that you had anything to do with the—the crime," said Hallie spiritedly. "We know that you are innocent, and why can't they see it, too?"

"The police, I suppose, have good reason to think as they do," Selvy rejoined. "On the surface you must admit that things look as if I am the guilty one. You see, my having trouble with Henton influences their decision and makes their theory look substantial. But I won't deny that it's pretty hard for any one who doesn't know all about it to believe that the crime was not committed by some one who was not a member of the crew. The Spartan was searched thoroly for any stowaway that might have been seeking free passage on the ship, and so far as any one knows there is no secret place where a person could hide except in the holds, and the cargo was packed in tight."

"But it's certain that some one else killed him," insisted the girl, "and the fact that you are not guilty should be sufficient. It's unreasonable and terrible to think that you must suffer for a crime of which you are as innocent as myself, I am sure. Have you seen an attorney?"

"Not yet," Selvy admitted. "I'll attend to that today, tho. I wanted to come here first."

There was a short silence. Suddenly Hallie asked, "What did Mr. Carter say—or does he know?"

"Yes, I told him," replied the young commander. "He didn't seem to mind how it turned out. I'm not fired yet."

"I should think he'd be interested enough to help you," said Hallie. "He could at least hire the best counsel in the city and give you a better chance of being acquitted. I suppose he thinks he's justified, too, in not helping you." Her tone was rather bitter. "Mr. Curtis did a fine thing, tho, in putting up your bond. I won't forget that. He's the only one of the lot that you can safely trust."

"I owe him a big debt, and I'd go a long way to do something for him," said Selvy quickly. "I know he'll stick by me."

Until then Aunt Madge had been for the most part silent, only putting in a word of sympathy here and there, but now she inquired, "Wasn't that man a detective who left here with you this morning? I happened to see him thru the window, and I thought he pulled back his coat to show you something. I suppose he was some kind of officer, and knew that if he had been a policeman he would have been in uniform."

"Yes, he was a detective—Swanson's his name," admitted the young man. "He seems to have taken complete charge of things. He had Curtis and several of the Spartan's crew up to tell what they knew of the trouble between Henton and myself. It looks as tho he is working to put me behind the bars regardless of whether I'm innocent or not. He was the main cause of my being in this fix now. The chief sort of looks up to him in cases like this, because he has a reputation, you know, of having unraveled several mysteries. It will be another big victory for him if he can send me to prison, or——" He did not finish the sentence, but his meaning was clear, and Hallie looked frightened. Evidently it had not occurred to her until then that Selvy's life might be demanded as the slayer of "Scupper Dick" if there was sufficient evidence to convict him. And it was always difficult to foresee what a jury would do.

Selvy finds that a man may be innocent and still be unable to prove it. How his sweetheart saves him, even after the court has found him guilty, makes a most interesting story. You will enjoy the final installment of this unusual story in next week's Ledger.

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A Great Truth.

"Confound your trifling picture, Runt!" yelled Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Put that there gun back on the hooks and let it stay there! You'll shoot yourself or somebody else if you don't watch out."

"Hoh! The old gun ain't loaded," returned young Runt.

"The dragon it ain't! I want you to understand that an unloaded gun is always loaded whether it is or not."

The Answer.

Barr—Do you believe that the sins of the father are visited on the sons?

Carr—Well, how else can you explain prohibition?

Barker Appears on the Scene and Smith Finds Himself in Trouble

The Voice of the Seven Sparrows

by Hermann L. Redlich

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAIL OF THE SHADOW.

A LENGTHY pause followed Sarah Fu's account of her French mother's struggles in Paris. Finally Smith spoke.

"Just how long, Miss Fu, would be required to make a tapestry about eighteen inches square—some pretty subject—you to determine it?" This sounded business-like, he told himself, and committed himself to nothing.

"Eighteen inzes?" she pondered. "Eighteen inzes. Now wait. I theenk it out slow. Eighteen inches—that is foot an' half square. Foot and half square—oh, dear"—she wrinkled up the little olive-tinted forehead over the knotty problem of multiplying one and a half by itself—"Oh, dear, at mathematiques I am no good, whatever. It ees not four squa' foot yet ees mo' as one squa' foot. I guess him to be 'bout two an' half squa' foot. Now you ask me how long it take. Well—it take ordinaire, if one work steadily, 'bout four weeks, if subjec' is difficile an' I not able to weave for Mist' Smith or for nobody else for long, long time. See—" She put up her wrist, and as the long kimono-like sleeve fell back a brandy embroidered Chinese jacket fell away revealing a slender soft arm, he saw that the wrist was tightly bandaged.

"Broken?" he ejaculated, the natural sympathy within him struggling with a sudden feeling of relief at the realization that any embarrassing plans for weaving with initial payments therefor were definitely and automatically defeated.

"If not theenk broken," she replied promptly. "Doctor call it take Egg-Ray of 'im. Egg-Ray—you know—show bones, an' if broken he got to go splinds or mebbe plaster cas'. But doctor I not use him for many weeks. So you ees I not make no weavings for nobody for long time now—not for Mist' Smith. So if you wan' weavings in hurry—then mebbe you got by somebody else! Here in Chinese section—are many women full Chinese blood who weave. They make it as you wan', mebbe, because reg'lar Chinese women have shard time cooped up in th' back rooms to while away the long days."

A slim chance I would have, Miss Fu, to get access to the home of a Chinese and hire his wife to do some outside work," he said. "The Chinese, begging your estimable pardon, are—well—peculiar."

"We are all peccoliar," she said with a note of sadness in her voice. "To Sa' Fu, who is half with China and Frenze, the Frenze part is puzzle to Chinese part of her, and the Chinese part of her is eternal riddle to the Parisienne in her. All is riddle—and come from 'way back in times w'en our ancestors roam' diff'rent parts this great earth."

"Yes, you are right. The white man's Bible relates how we are all from the same pair of parents—that we have the same heredity—but science today shows that we came from many different springs." Smith regretted after he had finished his remark that he had launched upon her young head so much pretentious discourse on the origin of man.

"But I thought Bible tell everything true—no?" she questioned quickly, showing that she had followed his remark to the last word.

"It is what we call allegory," he explained briefly. "When the Bible speaks of the first man, theologians today assume that it refers to the first tribes of men—man in a general sense, as we term it. But I doubt if you get me on that statement. That is to say, one must read the Bible with that sense of allegory uppermost in his mind. I daresay, they that this is of little interest to you. Your religion, Miss Fu, is that of your father, Confucianism, I presume?"

She laughed. "You theenk because I live 'ere in Chinese quarter that I am Confucian," she returned. "That is guess job! Sa' Fu dedec' here to live because no where in white section any city can Chinese or half-Chinese girl live without people look and talk 'bout her—an' cast remark 'bout her behin' her back. Go is she, they w'isper. W'at she do 'roun here? Why she come our neighb'hood? Oh, my frien', you are outcast when'er you are young girl without nobody; but if you are half-Chinese an' half-white, you are outcast indeed. But here——" Her slim shoulders raised in an expressive Parisian shrug. "Here no questions ask of Sa' Fu. Here she can live in peaceness and quiet. An' if she need workman, you hear proverb 'bout man is make better mousetrap than some other man, peoples wear out path to my cabin."

He laughed in return. "So you're going to let people look you up instead of soliciting their work? Good for you, Miss Fu. You may have an ancestry somewhat diverse from the rest of us, but you've got the true Yankee spirit in you." He paused. "But you didn't tell me after all whether you are a Confucian or a Christian."

"Well—I am Christian, an' I 'ave read whole Frens Bible thru from lid to lid. But that mak' no difference, I presume. One is Christian, jus' same so long as all believe in same book. I know Bible jus' so well, I bet, like you. I read 'bout Adam and Eva, and about Saul and Balaam, an' Absalom an'——"

"Absalom," he broke in with a half smile. "Well, that happens to be my name. So you've been reading about me, you see."

"Your name Absalom?" she queried. She studied him as if to see whether he were joking. Then apparently convinced that he was serious, she added: "But that is bad name. Absalom turn against hees papa, an' fight weeth 'im."

Synopsis.

At first Smith was dumfounded at the sight of a deuce of spades with the Chinese writing on it, and nothing else. Then he deducted that it must be some freak advertising card his brother Ambrose up in Chicago had mailed to him to be passed upon by his superior judgment. Whereupon he put the card in the papers in his breast pocket and prepared to wait for some explanation by later mail. As readers, however, we are privileged to know that this card was no other than the strange message printed by the grizzled man who some weeks before had applied at a New York engraving house for an etching by which he could transfer Chinese writing to a playing card, and the copy of which same writing had so upset New York's Chinatown.

Smith, that same afternoon, proceeded over to New Orleans' Chinatown, situated on Tulane avenue, where he studied the general layout of the small but picturesque district. An old fat storekeeper showed him the two-story building where Sarah Fu lived upstairs and took tapestries, and he studied well the door above which hung a gooseneck electric light over the sidewalk. He went inside the hallway, examined the two doors which stood inside, and then went out again, prepared, as soon as the missing portmanteau containing his clothes should reach his lodgings, to call upon the Chinese girl.

But as he left the Chinese section, a blind man hobbled after him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, asked him as a favor to write out the name of the street on a scrap of paper. Smith took from his pockets all his papers seeking a loose piece, not knowing that the blind man was a very seeing individual whose eyes, back of their blue goggles, fastened upon the deuce of spades among the other papers. Smith complied, but the blind man, once Smith was around the corner, dodged into a doorway, threw off hood, piece, cup, pencils and goggles, and proceeded to trail Smith over to the business section of the city. But there he lost Smith in a big department store. Not so two Chinese, however, who had been following him also from Tulane avenue. These two waited on the curb, one on each street fronting the big store, and once Smith was out of the place followed him straight to Madame Bonquette's, where he stopped.

Next day, dressed in his best, Smith called on Sarah Fu, using her tapestries as an excuse. He found her a dainty little creature, talking with a quaint mixture of French and Chinese, a veritable little half-breed flower, clad in Chinese costume, with black bobbed hair, eyes just a bit oblique, and cheekbones showing by the bare suggestion of height in them the Chinese blood in her.

And first thing he knew he realized that he had not come there to talk with young ladies of mixed blood, but had come to New Orleans on a very serious mission: To work from her by some ruse or other the valuable location of her one-time friend of Paris days, Beatrice Mannerby.

Only by this method could he earn the thousand dollars and the much-needed job on the Argus back in Chicago.

With deft little fingers that doubtlessly had come from weaving countless square feet of delicate tapestries, she buttoned up the silver link and drew down both cuff and sleeve.

SMITH'S face carried a momentary scowl on it. "About that beautiful name," he said dolefully, "I am the victim of circumstances over which I had no control. Before I ever set foot on this vale of tears a grandfather of mine promised my parents he'd leave all of his money to me if I were a boy and if they'd name me after him. His name was Absalom, too. Well, I fulfilled the first requirements and they fulfilled the second by harnessing Absalom to me for life. Then what did grandfather do but go into a sulk over something or other, and dying left his snug fortune to a seminary for dogs and cats. And I've been toting 'round the name Absalom on my shoulders for approximately three decades."

"I am happy to hear," she remarked gravely, and without a smile. "I think maybe you call Absalom because when you baby you fight back you papa and you like him. I believes in principalities of Confucious to these extent: The curses shall be on boy or girl who treat not his parents with respect and love, and be good to them till las' day of their lifes. You are good to you' papa and mama, sir?"

"My mother is dead," he said sadly. "Dead since I was a little boy. My father has remarried and I believe

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courtesy like one can fin' one in Pa'is." She sighed deliciously.

She returned to earth in a trice, however, and rising gracefully from her seat on the rattan couch came over to him. "I show you strange aggsident," she said cryptically. "Soo' strange—that make it I can no weave for you. Or nobody else. It is here. You unbutton left cuff you' shirt and draw back coat sleeve, two, three—maybe four inches. Yes, so. Good. No—I mean I instruc' you."

Curiously he drew back his left coat sleeve, revealing the white cuff—for the spotlessly white soft cuff, and folding it back exposed his wrist a short distance from the cuff's edge.

"Now," she directed, "you lay out hand with wris' across handle of chair, with fingers down. Leather between digits posed his, somewhat awkward hand and wrist for him.

"I lay my aggsident on laid on kitchen table," she said, pointing to his own. "I nan talking to Mama Ribot. I wiggle my fingers so to show you it coul' sting I sometime wear. As I wiggle them—crash!—comes down knife of wood, with teaching full of water that stand upon it. Shelf and kettle both light on my poor hand which lodge back end of table just like lever. If more heavy as was, it break off my han' like if made from plate glas'. My hand was pointed to her tightly bandaged wrist with a little moue. "Well—there is explanation of why you can no weave for tion. Now I button you' cuff up—you no can button with one han'."

With deft fingers that doubtlessly had come from weaving countless square feet of delicate tapestries she buttoned the cuff link and drew down both cuff and sleeve. He manner in touching the garments and wrist of a strange man was perfectly friendly and not that of boldness but of the very essence of naivete. And as such the episode affected him.

He gazed down apprehensively at his watch. Then he looked up.

"Miss Fe," he said, "I am lonely individual here in New Orleans. I know no one. I have made a study of characters all my life—and I prefer people who have personality and charm. You have all of that. You are indeed, if you will pardon a friendly observation, not that of boldness but of the very essence of naivete. And as such the episode affected him.

He gazed down apprehensively at his watch. Then he looked up.

"Miss Fe," he said, "I am lonely individual here in New Orleans. I know no one. I have made a study of characters all my life—and I prefer people who have personality and charm. You have all of that. You are indeed, if you will pardon a friendly observation, an interesting character. In spite of the fact that you and your room will have to remain strangers I feel that I would like greatly to come again and see you. May I do that? Because I want to remember I want to hear what the doctor and his Egg-Ray, as you call it, says about your wrist."

She smiled gradiously down at him. "I let you come again because I too get lonely, lasted my husband he was jealous alike. I also let you come, maybe per'aps, if you come jes' because you want see me. The Creole word 'ennuyer'—the American word much use' in Pa'is—master—that is it. But you say like true Parisian you can no speak of me on'y out about wris'. I am ver' sensitive and appreciative of ill things jus' as like that. You' hand will have to wait then I like you. You come—any time you wan'. Mama Ribot always here like Gibraltar. Now I show you—" she said. "Maybe nex' time you come I be patting, an' I let you hol' palette while I use right hand."

"Good." He had risen, and he smiled down at her scant five feet. That's flunkyology. I'll be a collaborator in a piece of art."

SHE spoke in French toward the back of the house. She bowed a strange little courtesy. She swept from the room, as the door following her closed softly. The old French woman hobbled in, and let him out. And he went down the steps like one in a daze.

"Jumping Jehosaphat," he said to himself, as he swung aside the big door of the Rue Orleans and stood on the sidewalk, "talk about making strides with seven leagu'e boots! This day has started my place in world with a big jump."

But even as he thought of that little bubbled blasted girl with the brown eyes back in the upstairs portion of No. 1129, he felt a most disquieting sense of unworthiness and unbelievable joy stir in a friendly cause.

He was rather thoughtful as he made his way leisurely back toward Orleans alley. Only once did he succeed in entirely routing himself on a matter of direction. That was when he passed a big lithograph in poster colors on a billboard describing in attractive fashion the event Theodore which bore the highly skittish appellation of the Frolics of the Year. It bore the names in letters as big as many stars, but in smaller type at the bottom the names of the supposedly participating members of the newly organized ballet. The second of this smaller column of names had caught his eye, and he stopped long enough to read the poster over twice.

"Guess I was a little abrupt," he commented to himself. "Guess I'll go back there and see if I didn't know anybody in New Orleans. So Pansy St. Clair is in town. Wonder if she would remember me? Perhaps. And then again perhaps not."

With which remark he turned from the billboard, and dismissing the momentary interruption from his thoughts resumed both his walk and his daze.

The next interruption to his thoughts was to take place after reaching his room at Madame Bosquette's. As he stepped along the winding gallery that looked down upon the cozy interior courtyard and put his key in the door of his room, he was still thinking of that charming little parlor back on Tulane avenue, but as he entered the room his thoughts went suddenly scattering as he became immediately conscious that some sort of order had been at work in the room during those four walls. For one thing, due to some peculiar psychology of his inner self, he had always made it an invariable practice of leaving every drawer in his bureau or chiffonier pushed entirely in as far as it would go. Now, however, he noted that one drawer stood out a full inch, as tho it had been opened and then hurriedly shut back. There was nothing in that particular drawer but his newly bought shirts and collars, but the fact remained that it had been opened by some one in his absence this afternoon. His eyes ran critically over the top of the bureau. Ah—his military brushes which he always set down with the battered one of the two concealed by the perfect one of the two. They were now reversed—the battered one was on top—they had been handled! His eyes moved to his pajamas. It still stood near the dusty fireplace where he had left it. But it had been handled up to that one of the loose leather straps had been caught inside. He himself had not done that, he knew definitely.

He frowned. Was it possible that Madame Bosquette's negro girl was a thief? The Southern negro had a reputation well in the scale of probity. He stepped across the room and glanced in the bureau mirror. Nothing that belonged to him was in evidence. He swung open the wardrobe doors. His new clothing hung there.

He went outside, leaving the door unlocked, and proceeded down into the courtyard. There he found Madame Bosquette call her by that name—"were you fixing up my room this afternoon while I was gone?"

"Oh, no, sah," replied the girl leaning on her broom. "Don' you 'member I fix it all up de mornin'?"

"Has anybody but yourself got access to my room?" he asked.

"Am nothing else but Fun yo' room, sah?" the girl asked, the whites of her eyes showing.

"Nothing," he remarked sternly, "but my things have been touched since I've been gone."

"Dat ah Chinaman—dah ah Chinaman," said the girl concernedly. "He de one what done it, den. He——"

"A Chinaman?" he managed to ejaculate in surprise. "A Chinaman was in my room?"

"Yes," said the colored girl very apologetically, "w'ile you done been gone dis aftahnoon, one ob dem Chinamens come to de front do' an' ax me if I got any rooms to rent. He all dressed good wid w'ite man's clo's an' w'ite man's hat on he head, an' I tell him I don' take no sich folkses as Chinamens; so I jes' 'splains dat we ain't got nuffin'. But he is an' he ax me if I got a—a—a—de valet—de valet—what you call—"

"Valet?" supplied Smith shrewdly. "Go ahead."

"Dat he's de valet of a w'ite gemmun w'at's roomin' heah to N'Awleans f'om de No'th, an' he ax me if I got any room lib heah, and de valet lib some'eres elses—D'know wid some niggahs like weuns, anyways. He say he wouldn' min' if he got him a nice room on one ob dem C'ole Co'tyahds, so he des lookin' 'roun' for dat. Well, I do have some fine big rooms iffn she gets good folkses, so I takes him up an' 'roun' de gallery, sah, showin' ob him de rooms, but none ob dem seems to be jes' what he wants. He ax who done got de room an' who got dat un, an' I tell him dey done 'low me talk 'bout de gues's, an' I des tells him I don't know nobuddy's name. An' he 'mediately stood up an' say he thinks dat mebbe you's des heah fo' mebbe a week or mo', an' I opens up yo' do' an' he look at it, an' I tells him, I tells him, he sayin' said de w'ite gemmun not

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comin' fo' several weeks yet. Is—is yo' puspermen—or is yo' temperary, sah?"

"Neither"—remarked Smith curtly. "But go ahead."

The negro girl stared at him a moment and then went hurriedly on. "Well—he ax me 'bout at yo' room, he say to me: 'Missee, I heah yo' phone bell ringin' I lissen, but I can't heah no phone bell. An' he say: 'That it is again.' So Ah leaves him dah and runs down heah in de hall to answer dis phone—but 'tain' dis, 'cause 'tain' probity is de one, next do' I comes back upstayahs, an' he's standin' dah waitin' fo' me. He say he like dat room, an' he wine' look 'bout fo' his marster a bit longah, and den he let us know." She appeared worried. "Is you sutah dat an yaller niggah didn' tek anyt'ing, sah?"

"Nothing," said Smith with an uneasy laugh. "But—my word, Celia. That luggar took a look around my things while you were downstairs, and if there'd been anything around there worth stealing, he'd have lifted it. Hereafter if the phone bell rings while you're showing a room occupied by somebody, I advise you to take your customer out first and lock the door. That's all." With which advice he went to his room and sat down on the bed, puzzling over the thing.

After all, the story rang true enough on the face of it. A white man might very conceivably have a Chinese

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Send for FREE Sample and Make a Day. Just show the sample to your friends and neighbors. Take their orders. Collect the money. Remit to us and we will mail you the goods. Your profits are large. Many Laundry and Cleaning Establishments are making $50 to $100 a week. Others are making $25 to $50 a week. Others are making $10 to $25 a week. Others are making $5 to $10 a week. Others are making $1 to $5 a week. Others are making 50c to $1 a week. Others are making 25c to 50c a week. Others are making 10c to 25c a week. Others are making 5c to 10c a week. Others are making 1c to 5c a week. Others are making 0c to 1c a week. Others are making -1c to 0c a week. Others are making -5c to -1c a week. Others are making -10c to -5c a week. Others are making -25c to -10c a week. Others are making -50c to -25c a week. Others are making -$1 to -50c a week. Others are making -$5 to -$1 a week. Others are making -$10 to -$5 a week. Others are making -$25 to -$10 a week. 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Boils

THERE is a reason for everything that happens. Common-sense kills misery. Common-sense also stops boils! S.S.S. is the common-sense remedy for boils, because it is built on reason. Scientific authorities admit its power! S. S. S. builds blood-power, it builds red-blood-cells. That is what makes fighting-blood. Fighting-blood destroys impurities. It fights boils. It fights pimples! It fights skin eruptions! It always will! Mr. V. D. Schaff, 557 15th street, Washington, D. C., writes:

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valet—might very conceivably have sent him on errand to look at some rooms, considering the known clerical ability of the Chinese on attractive living quarters—yet the beggar had been unusually nervy to pull open his bureau drawers in the absence of the girl, and take a crafty look in his portmanteau as well. Fortunately all his papers were in the inside pocket of the coat he now wore, and all his money likewise in his present trousers' pocket. For some reason, now, his mind went back to yesterday when he had first gone to No. 1129 Tulane avenue to reconnoiter around and, leaving Chinaman's Block, had had the eerie feeling that he was being followed. But there was nothing about his appearance that should make anybody curious. And New Orleans was filled with tourists at this time of the year. This could explain almost anything.

He shook his head, deciding after a moment's further ruminating that his warning to Celia downstairs was probably sufficient and not to further worry Madame Boisdoré or the restaurant scolding to the already scared black girl.

He dismissed the entire matter from his mind, thinking that he would attend promptly as he could in New Orleans until the hour for his second visit to Sarah Pu. Then, after chatting a while with it a ripening acquaintanceship that might carry him still closer to the subject for which he had come such a long distance into the Southland. With which decision he left the house and took a street car out to Lake Pontchartrain, where, sitting on the shore of that great salt body of water with its dull slate-gray waves rolling sullenly in, he let the waves from some nightmare lake, and its deserted Spanish fort with rusty guns guarding the sallies, hostile lighthousiess, batteriess expanse of leaden waters, be found that instead of gazing at the ball of fire that dropped into its left edge his mind was dwelling upon a certain picture consisting of a dainty little figure in Chinese attire who was able to converse only in a strange French polyglot Cantonese, and whose ... had filled with speech description of ... to come in the wheel-chair back in ... cargo.

He dined on fish in a roadhouse ... the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, wondering how long his romance would turn out at this rate, and came back to the city in the evening. As he put in his evening strolling first one end and then down the other of Canal street, ever varying, ever fascinating, ever kaleidoscopic, ever changing, ever streaked bright as day with electric lights and teeming, literally teeming, with human beings, he did not know why a yellow telegram waited for him on the hallrack back in Madame Bosquette's hallway. But when he got in shortly after 9 o'clock that night, he spied it the moment he entered the front door, and standing in the hallway under the electric ... light with which the old French house was lighted, he ripped open the envelope troubledly. But he was relieved as they versed the forty-four-word day message. It ran:

Barker's Oakley boulevard rooming-house replied over phone 3 o'clock today Sam Barker left for New Orleans on certain business with Argus. Could not ascertain train taken. Reckon your friend Van Tine talked too much. Am still on the trail ing any ground, boy, better speed up.

FATHER.

Three times Smith read the telegram dazedly before, with a yellow sheet of paper clinched in his fingers, standing alone in the hallway, he groaned aloud in the words of the immortal song," he said bitterly to himself, "Father Was Right. That blooming, blinking, blatant Boston Van Tine has tipped over the receptacle containing the legumes. Oh, what ... warging tongue our Monte has!

CHAPTER X.

THE UNMERCENARY ONE.

A RIOT of thoughts poured like a stream thru Smith's brain as with telegram in hand he stood under the gaslight in the hallway, gazing at the message. The game was up, so far as matters went toward making Sarah Fu capitulate to his putative charms and divulge the whereabouts of Beatrice Mannerby, assuming that she knew those whereabouts. Smith regarded this dismal fact only too well. Not that Sam Barker was on the way, and with the Argus back of him at that, but ... influence to be brought to bear ... money to be wrung. Only one ... here anywhere near a romantic inter... and that was that Barker, himself not unhandsome by any means, could not make love to the Frenchiese girl and thus get the information by the same plan originally suggested to Smith, for he, Smith, could very easily disclose to her Barker's newspaper affiliations and motives. Nor was it likely that Barker would consent to any contest silently waged, bitter to the end, between them, to see who could get the vital information out of Sarah Fu. Now where Smith had formerly had all the advantage, it had suddenly, due to some unguarded narration on the part of Monte van Tine to some club friend of his, been snatched away, and the Argus now held the cards.

Smith had no illusions about his having any standing with the Argus, now that the Argus itself had the inside ... on the story. Its own men would be given the preference, its own people would be given its resources, and it was plain that Barker, exactly as he had first reasoned, had been dispatched to muddle the story because of having been for many months on the inside workings of the Leader, whose publisher's daughter had disappeared. He, Smith, was a rank outsider as far as the Argus went, a free lance, and as he slowly prepared for bed he wondered dimly just what resources would be first thrown against him. And yet, in spite of the galling knowledge that he had lost due to a fluke in the game, he felt a strange sense of relief, a sense of having been suddenly cleansed of some baseness in his character. No longer now could the despicable game of hearts & which he had been lured by his need against his better instincts be indulged in. It would have to be clean play on both sides from now on. And then he dropped off to sleep he had formed a plan, a plan to fight back Barker even to the end.

He did not lazy around in the morning studying the mysteries of French-marked coffee, but shaved in his room, dressed once more in his best clothing, and after a frugal ... on ... street went for once ... morning ... this time using ... car and his own pedal extremities ... lieu of yesterday's hack fare. It was a ... day in the day, this Saturday morning was insufferably close, and promised to ... more humid ... New Orleans summer day, plucked from the fiery crown of July or August and thrust lodilly into the spring months as a ... to those who might read. He ... hot, suffocated, oppressed, and he ... resented that the humidity was conspiring with the thermometer to give human beings a taste of the tropics.

It was another figure who at the stroke of eight within the heavy portal of No. 1129, and went thoughtfully up the scrubbed wooden steps to the floor above where he knocked. Again the old French woman came to the door. She had apparently received her instructions, for she flung wide the door and pointed with one skinny, wavering finger to the rattan couch across the room. It took it and settled by himself.

The girl who swept into the room a moment later, the long lines in Chinese garments of pale blue and gold, against which colors her black curls showed ... ...

depths of my heart. I think that I could perhaps tell you several things of interest too, now that you have heard my friend Sam Barker's story, whatever that story is. At least I hope you will give me the opportunity. But I am ashamed. I really am."

"How you think you get that information from me?" she demanded suspiciously.

Smith gazed down into those open eyes, down into the very depths of his soul. "I am not going to lie to you nor attempt to deceive you in any way," he said quietly. "You had certain information—at least I had cause to believe you had. I—"

"Me love to you—I meant to trick into telling me the information. I was so desperate at certain conditions confronting me in Chicago that I would really have married you to get it."

Those little brown oblique eyes flashed beams of ironic fire. She stamped her little blue-slippered foot on the straw rug, and clinched white little teeth together. "Petty nearly ready to marry me," she said. "Petty nearly ready to marry you! Do you not suppose Sa' Fu

[illegible] man think he can play with her—that he can toss down on her heart-side as toy to be played with. You—you were [illegible] flung out arms wide and posed indignantly in front of him. "Look at me—[illegible] cheung—animal—to marry joss to piece many white girl! Look at me, you—"

[illegible] of femininity, with the black curls of her French mother, and the exquisite daintyness of the true artist showing itself even to the delicate [illegible] and it suddenly came to him as he stood there in his way, he would do loose on sense of race, of caste, to marry this outcast girl and to be [illegible] he shared pariah.

"I am looking at you," he said evenly, "and I tell you, Sarah Fu, that you are beautiful—unbelievable. And it on the contrary am all that you tell me I [illegible] least, a miserable egotistical poseur with his whole soul thrown on his back, a newspaper automaton; quite dead to such precious things as the natural honor between men and women. What more can I say?"

[illegible] interest suggestion of a smile [illegible] thru the clouds of her disdain. "Well—that is abject policy, she [illegible] Sure since Barker become [illegible]—oh, for few min's I [illegible] you as entee girl can hate." Suddenly the tears welled to her eyes, and she sank into a big chair sobbing. "[illegible] man was her to self. Was her for toy—[illegible] an give—but not was her for [illegible] said miserably. "don't cry. Please don't. Everything's wrong [illegible] I received a telegram last night that this Sam Barker who pretended to [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] man that he was already [illegible] reading it. And I came here this [illegible] to make a clean breast of [illegible] May I give you my side of the [illegible] And may I ask just what Sam [illegible] asked you to do? Heard you [illegible] you could not give him certain information?"

"Yes—you may ask. I tell you. What [illegible] dried her eyes [illegible] parched.

"He told you, did he not, that he had certain information in Chicago that Beatrice Mannerby corresponded pretty regularly with him, and he asked you how recently she had written to you and [illegible] she had written, did he not?"

Sarah Fu nodded her head.

"And did you tell him?"

"I did not tell him, I tell him onlee I never get no letter from Beatrize Mannerby so long as I have live' in New York and Chicago."

"I then what, [illegible] For of course he not believe me. He tell me he [illegible] pay great sum for information [illegible] he show me papers with number [illegible] Barker's check for information worth $1,000 cash to reporter who get it, an' he give to me wroten order for check, continute I give to him where Beatrize is."

Smith whistled. "Nothing niggardly about Barker's methods," he said reflected to himself only. "Willing to shoot the entire prize offered by the Argus for information for actual cash wat he bring with him. He say he know that in meantime I think deep 'bout that. Should not have time to have different mind-frame when he come with cash he have wroten order."

Smith smiled grimly at this. He very much to get the information today so the Argus could reach Beatrice Mannerby before 2 or 3 o'clock tomorrow morning, and thus spring the story in the Sunday edition, tomorrow. Nice scoop, indeed, to hand every householder as he goes out in his slippers and takes in the Sunday paper the cream bottle [illegible] t, in spite of himself, to Smith himself his own explanation did not seem entirely satisfactory.

A pause ensued. He was the one to break it. "What did he say about me, Sarah Fu?" he queried.

She answered sadly. "He say you be petty fair newspaperman is onlee you not drink so much whiskey an' get thrown off paper, here, there, everywhere. He say, too, you not authorized representive to give information for you get information. But you got get that. He have money to pay. He can get money on wire. He have cash talk loud for quick answer where is Beatrize."

Smith rose and took a few turns back and forth. She watched him with curiosity written on her oval face. At last he stood before her.

"Sarah Fu, you have heard one man. And that one man has given you vile lies. I suppose you think I am fair play. Are you willing to hear the other side of the story? Sam Barker is right in this: I have been retained first to get the story—he has the drawing account just as he claims."

"I hear you, too, Absalom Smith. I am like judge—his' an' right' Speak I lissen."

Sam Barker is one who will not play the game fairly," he began. With which introductory remark he told her of the Yeoland affair, as briefly as simple as possible. She showed by her recognizance that she followed his clear explanation to the end. He finished. "And there, Sarah Fu, you have, at least in my witness, the real truth of Sam Barker and my relation to him. He says about my drinking too much monthly is an absolute lie. Ever since I was drowned from the paper owned by the father of your friend, Beatrice Mannerby for that vile untruth Barker turned it, I have gone down and down—unable to get a job anywhere [illegible] came here on my despicable errand in trick you, I had to borrow the money to make an appearance. I have nothing to offer you. And I suppose money talks."

"An' was that all lie 'bout you' papa what live in chair automobile?" she asked sadly.

"Lord no," he said. "That was true enough. It was he who loaned me the money."

She sat pondering. "Me—I am not necessary. Absalom Smith. Mist' Sam Barker have offer money—an' yet money is not all. Me—I have strength an' youth; me—I will make much money. But you ask info'mation—one ask name—an' oh—you both talk much 'bout honor. But is honor onlee among men? Is no honor among women? Suppose Sa' Fu knows where is Beatrize? Can Sa' Fu betray her fren' of Pa's days?"

"Then you know," he said, leaning forward tensely.

"I not say! I know' she answered quietly. "I not say right jus' now that I don' know. Jus' now we discuss thing wat is more important as where is Beatrize."

"But you do know," he accused her point-blank, "and I—I have absolutely nothing to go on concerning what Barker has, for the information. Well, I am out of the running. We'll accept it as a fact. Sarah Fu, a word to you, Sarah Fu! Have you ever stopped to think that Beatrice Mannerby's father and friends might be worried since her disappearance? I admit that he is the man who stands in the way of my getting [illegible] job Chicagoland, but the statements concerning the cause of my separation from his paper knock me [illegible] long [illegible] is himself is the victim of a lie. And I tell you the truth when I say I feel for him. Can't you, too, have imagination [illegible] would be tortured to death if I had an only daughter who so far as I knew was perhaps kidnaped, perhaps murdered, perhaps in terrible distress? Have you thought at all about him? Could you not relieve his agony? Understand, I am not asking for the story. I have been a beast and deserve nothing, absolutely, I haven't a cent to tempt you with. But if Barker is willing actually to hand over to you this thousand dollars, why not give him the facts he wants—facts which will of course enable his sheet to scoop Mannerby's paper, but which will at least relieve Mannerby's mental distress."

Absalom Smith, you are ver' generous. You—when Beatrize says 'pause you much trouble an' poorness—are yet within' for rival to 'ave story 'joos' to relieve mind [illegible] Ah, I am—there is word in your language—it is much use by American students in Pa's artquarter—it is so strange—but I think hard—you, you are dead—dead game—dead game—"

"Dead game sport," he finished for her. "Thank you. That is supposed in America to be a real compliment."

"Then—then you will 'bout it? My lott is shot. I'm talking' now neither for myself nor Barker nor for the Leader for the future, but for Beatrize—for her by himself. Am I not right when I tell you that it is your duty to relieve a fren' mind, if not by one way then by another?"

She sighed. Then she looked him square in the eyes. "Absalom Smith, I tell you with all truth Joos' like I tell Mist' Sam Barker: I 'ave never since I come to New 'Leans' Chinese quarter receive letter from Beatrize Mannerby. No what is say to Mist' Barker?—or Absalom Smith—or anybody else?"

He looked at her troubledly. Her impassioned [illegible] concerning the factor of honor between women, and her denial that she had ever received a letter from Beatrice Mannerby were confusing. For a second he wondered if she had by any chance been visited by the missing girl, and [illegible] her statement about not having received a letter from [illegible] Mont Van Tine had [illegible] French girl, at least at th[illegible] would signify nothing. One [illegible] certain: the chief [illegible] eyes which riveted themselves [illegible] told him only too [illegible] owner had enunciated [illegible] declared she had [illegible]

"Well," he said with a sigh, "I guess it's me back to Chicago before I spend any more borrowed money—now that I can't get out of [illegible] reckon Sam Barker's arrival saved me from spending a few dollars making love and paying court to you, Sarah Fu."

She smi[illegible] I feel bit [illegible]

She sigh[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

[illegible]oney. I can allow him to make himself the laughing stock of Chicago's newspaperdom—that is, if you'll help me. I see clearly how I can give him a good half-taste of what he gave me, yet not kill him in the newspaper world as he did me. Will you help me, Sarah [illegible]u? Will you?"

She looked at him thru dreamy eyes—eyes in whose depths slumbered those mysterious longings and calculation of women the world over.

"Sam Barker," she mused softly, half [illegible] "Absalom Smith." And she repeated it again. "Sam Barker—Absalom Smith. Sam Barker talk strange talk—like he lik' have wife with brown eyes so like mine. Maybe——" She [illegible] as one giving up a great ambition. "I help you, Absalom Smith, jus' like one—you call 'im pal?—like one pal help anbther. For thaz all we can be—you and me and all of us—jus' pals. What is your plan?"

What plan is the ever-energetic and ever-optimistic Smith devising to accomplish the downfall of Sam Barker in this game of wits? At least he has a charming helper who by her own admission will enter the lists on his side. Next week we shall learn something of Smith's rather adroit plan, but we may also learn something that was said about plans about a famous Scottish poet.

Surprising developments next issue—Part VI. of the story.

Emily's Secret

(Continued From Page 2.)

[illegible] were staring into the darkness. The [illegible] of Harry's wonderful music that evening had unnerved her. After [illegible] hours of wakefulness [illegible] at last fell asleep.

About a week later the Copelands attended a large ball—one of the big social events of the season. During the evening Moreeno claimed Emily for a dance. She had determined to fight against and cast off his seeming mesmeric influence, by matching her will power against his, so she danced with him.

"Mr. Moreeno, will you do me a favor?" she asked when the dance was over. "Will you play for me that Liszt selection which you rendered so delightfully at my home last week? It was very, very [illegible]."

"Gladly," he replied, and they went to the music room.

Several couples were sitting there, but Mrs. Copeland and her partner paid no [illegible] to them. Harry seated himself at [illegible] piano—a large grand instrument [illegible] Emily leaned gracefully against it watching his fingers flying over the keys.

As he played he studied her face. She was a beautiful woman—never had [illegible] inwardly sure that if she tried hard enough, she could prevent his strange influence. Alas! Before him her will power was as an infant's. She tried to look away, but he held her eyes by sheer determination, and as he [illegible] into their depths he read her very soul. Without pausing, he played the piece a second time—played it automatically, as one in a trance, for something in his own being was aroused—something he never dreamed was there.

When the selection ended, Emily turned [illegible] couple of steps, then staggered and fell senseless to the floor.

For a few moments the music room [illegible] confusion. After a short time [illegible] better and her husband took [illegible]

[illegible] strength of his nature—Emily, another man's wife. To Harry, who was the soul of honor, this spelled doom. Now he must always be on the alert to prevent [illegible] tense feeling, by any word or action, or even by any expression on his face.

But what of Emily? Had she read his bared soul? Was that the cause of her pallor and faintness? He was afraid to surmise. But one fact he was sure of—he must avoid every possible meeting with her in future.

When [illegible] after her fainting spell at the ball, she went [illegible]tely to bed. But her mind re[illegible]. Harry's eyes seemed [illegible] at her wherever she looked; if she closed her eyes, he still seemed to be peering into her soul. There seemd no escape from them. In her heart there was not the slightest love for Harry; only she was drawn to him as the help[illegible] drawn to the magn[illegible].

"[illegible] John, don't leave me for a moment," she begged her husband. "Tell me that you love me, John," she pleaded for the hundredth time.

Poor practical John [illegible] physical weakness, and hun[illegible] accordingly.

[illegible]

She closed her [illegible], and a tear escaped over her lashes; but John failed to [illegible]

[illegible] weeks after that fateful night Harry and Emily did not see each other at all. She gave much more [illegible] to her wee daughter, and soon became quite indispensable to that yo[illegible] games. A couple of new Chinese [illegible] were bought and must be d[illegible] "Mudda" was engaged as dre[illegible]. Little Sally Jean was delighted with them, when finished, and named them "Pung and Ees Win" in her baby language, from memories of what she had heard of the game Mah Jong. "Mudda" became a very much happier woman during these days of nursery games, and gradually forgot the awful nightmare she had passed thru. Harry Moreeno was out of her sight, and she forced him out of her mind.

Then fell the thund[illegible]

At lunch one day John remarked quite casually:

"Oh, Emily, I saw Harry Moreeno this morning."

Emily's heart stood still.

"I asked him," continued her husband, "why he always dodged when he saw me coming. Of course he denied it, but I refused to listen, as it had happened upon several occasions. Finally I made him promise to come here this evening to see my new coins; of course he will come, for he always keeps his word."

For a moment the room seemed black, then with a gigantic effort Emily conquered her faintness and busied herself with her food; but her hand trembled so that any one, except John, must have noticed her emotion. But he failed to [illegible]

"Wouldn't you like to have the usual crowd come in and play Mah Jong or bridge?"

[illegible]

At last the long af[illegible] and dinner was ann[illegible] a pretence at eating, [illegible] scarcely tasted anythi[illegible] talked—talked on eve[illegible] could think of, to pre[illegible] mention of Harry's vis[illegible] she joined Sally Jean in [illegible] the usual bedtime chat [illegible] many things to disc[illegible] one of her doll babies [illegible] which only "Mudda" [illegible] another doll had torn [illegible] "Mudda" must be [illegible] Finally when all the dol[illegible] put to bed, Sally Jean, [illegible] favorites, "Pung and I[illegible] [illegible] her bedtime story [illegible] finished Mrs. Copeland tucked her little daughter into her crib and prepared to [illegible]

[illegible]

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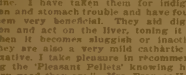

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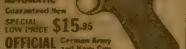

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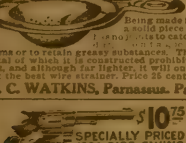

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less; by his stronger will he drew her gaze to himself. The instant their eyes met, each felt doomed. Slowly Harry rose from his chair and advanced towards Emily, who sat immobile, feeling as must a bird when, charmed by the snake, it watches its destroyer creep closer and closer. When he reached her side, Emily rose; for an instant they stood facing each other, pale as two phantoms; then, with a swift movement, Harry caught Emily in his arms. Frantically he kissed her hair, her brow, her lips. She lay in his embrace, passive, unresisting, as one in a dream, and submitted to his caresses.

"I love you, Emily," he breathed.

For back in the recesses of her brain those words seemed to awake an echo—"I love you, Hedda." That little word "Mudda" possessed the miraculous powers of a countercharm. As from a deep sleep Emily slowly roused herself; then with the rapidity of lightning her whole consciousness sprang into life, and with one frantic effort she freed herself from his unwelcome embrace.

"You beast!" she hissed, and rushing from the room she upstairs to the nursery, where she threw herself on a couch and gave way to hysterical sobbing.

Left alone in the library, Harry stood as one paralyzed. Then dropping into a chair he buried his face in his hands. He could hear the sound of John's voice at the telephone, altho his senses were so shaken that he was unable to distinguish the words.

"Thank God!" he stammered brokenly. "What have I done? Betrayed a friend's trust! I, who always prided myself upon my honor—my honor! Beast she called me. That was flattery. I'm lower than that now."

Then for a moment—he thought it was an hour, so swiftly did his thoughts follow each other—he was silent. Suddenly he stood up, as tho he had taken some firm resolve, his head erect, eyes shut, and his hands tightly clinched.

"I must go away," he murmured. "For her sake, and for my own honor."

A few moments later John re-entered the room. Harry was sitting by the table, apparently examining some volumes which lay there.

"An important business call," remarked John, failing to notice that his wife had disappeared during his absence from the room. "I'm sorry to say that I happened to be here to get it, because it saved me a trip to Chicago."

"That so?" replied Harry. "Well, John, I must be off now."

The two men went out into the hall, and Harry donned the coat John took back to his den, and busied himself with papers and documents pertaining to his business and to the telephone call. When he had finished he looked at his watch and was astonished to find that it was after midnight. He arose at once and went upstairs to bed.

FOR a long time Emily lay on the couch in the nursery, sobbing and moaning; finally, worn out with weeping, she fell into a troubled sleep. Soon she awakened, startled, and sprang to her feet, as the an electric shock had aroused her. For a moment she stood rigid, every fiber of her body tense. Then when nothing happened to justify her alarm she relaxed, and crept slowly into her own room, where she prepared for bed. She noticed that the little clock on the mantel stood at 11:30. Resolutely she shut from her memory all that had happened earlier in the evening; her nerves felt numb and more at ease than they had for months; a strange peace and lack of fear seemed to envelop her. Her eyelids grew tight; it seemed to have been removed; her spirit felt free. Half-consciously she wondered at her unnatural composure. Then at last she turned off the light and slipped between the cool sheets, sleep came to her almost immediately—no more troubled, dream-laden sleep of the past, but the calm, happy sleep of a tired child.

Late the next day Emily sat down to peruse the afternoon paper. During the day she had been very busy; she had felt strangely lighthearted all day, and had occupied herself with all sorts of extra work, and now she was tired. Glancing carelessly down the columns of the newspaper her eye suddenly came upon an article which brought a low cry to her lips and drained every drop of blood from her face

Harry Moreno was dead!

He had been found there the heart last night, and everything indicated that his own hand had committed the awful deed.

A small revolver was found near him, evidently it had been knocked off the dresser by the falling body, which, when discovered, lay almost directly over this piece of furniture. The clock was silent and broken, but the hands indicated 11:30.

Other portions of the article detailed in the paper, but they were not impressed on Emily's brain, which seemed to repeat over and over only these few things: "Dead—Suicide—Eleven-thirty.

Emily was entirely composed in usual charming self, when John came home that night for dinner. Of course the tragedy was discussed. John was much saddened and perplexed by it, in puzzled bewilderment he said:

"I can't imagine what could possibly cause him to take his own life. I know positively that his business affairs were in fine shape; he never referred to any family troubles; manifestly, he was O. K. I doubt if he had any closer friend here than I; had he been in trouble, surely he would have told me about it. His suicide is a deep mysterious riddle."

In her heart Emily knew that she alone in all the world held the key to the secret—she alone could answer the riddle—but her lips remained sealed.

THE END.

Value of the Cow.

A SITUATION that is proven beyond cavil the value of the dairy cow, to the North Dakota farmer, is revealed in the annual report of the North Dakota Holstein Breeding Circuit Association at New Salem.

This little town of 900 is out in Morton County, west of Mandan, where the rainfall is scant, and wheat yields uncertain. Farmers there introduced the dairy cow, and later bred purebred Holsteins, which have brought them peace and plenty.

Sixteen members of this circuit, headed by John Christianson as president, with Prof. H. Shepperd, as representative of the Agricultural College, have now 258 cows on which individual records for the past year. Of these, 218 are purebreds and the others grades.

These cows produced 4,668,857 pounds of milk, with 183,035 pounds of butterfat. The latter sold for $55,951 in cash, the costs of feed were $7,244.69, leaving a balance of $48,706.31, or an average net return to each member of $1,951.31.

A total of 173 cows completed the year's record, and their averages were 26,991 pounds of milk, 305.8 pounds of butterfat, and 176.6 pounds of skim milk. The cost of feed averaged $41.87, and the net profit $281.61. The feed charges were: millet hay, $ a ton, silage, $3 a ton, oats $20 a ton and pasture $1.50 per month per cow.

The Two Millers.

ONE day the god of waters looked at the stream a long time, and then said to a man who stood by it:

"Why, here is a good chance and no one has taken it. I must speak to some one."

The god of water then saw that the stream came from a lake and could be made use of.

"Why, it should have been taken advantage of a good many years ago," replied the man. "There are at least two millers here, but they have no power. It is seven miles from where we get our corn ground. We had a couple of mills here we would prosper."

It was agreed that they should take another look in the morning, but this man saw where he could beat the god of waters.

They found the god of water's mill no good and they discovered the water was so deep that the mill would not turn, and so the man who was the keenest got the corn and all the money.

Moral—There is such a thing as having too much of a good thing.

Texas Hotel Life.

"HANG it, boy!" exclaimed the tenderfoot from the East as the bellboy for a Texas hotel came bounding in on him without knocking, "haven't you got any manners about you?"

"Didn't you ring?" asked the boy.

"Of course I rang."

"Didn't you ring three times?"

"It may have been three, but I was in a hurry for ice water, but that doesn't excuse you for bursting in the door."

"Beg pardon," replied the boy, as he backed out, "but you ought to read the hall cards. It's one ring for the porter, two for the bellboy and three for a gun, and when a guest rings for a gun in this hotel the orders are to get it to him before the other fellow can beg his pardon."

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[illegible] at once; in many cases the goitre nearly gone at the end of two weeks even in cases of so-called [illegible] that had defied everything it h[illegible] the goitre in time even where [illegible] were supposed to be the only [illegible] a last resort. If you have a [illegible] it fail to send in the coupon [illegible] obligation of any kind.

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[illegible] coupon and 10c to cover cost [illegible] is good for a Free Two [illegible] Treatment mailed free in [illegible] package. Address W. T. B. [illegible] 125 Minty Block, Battle [illegible]

Name .....How old is goitre?

Address .....

[illegible] Do [illegible]

The Brothers O'Neil

by ALFRED O. PHILIPP

IN THE murky haze of twilight a shadowy figure emerged from beneath the intricate mass of iron girders that support the Western avenue bridge. Creeping stealthily along in the deep shadows he reached one of the massive concrete bases, against which he leaned wearily, the while peering furtively about.

The Western avenue bridge is but one of the many similar structures that span the putrid waters of the Chicago River. But the man in the shadows had a definite motive in choosing this particular bridge for a hide-[illegible] place. And the time of his venturing forth was also well-chosen, for there is a brief interval in Chicago between the setting of the sun and the switching on of the city lights when a dusky [illegible] broods over the river. The [illegible] of this advantage of this period to make raids upon the many coal and lumber yards that line the river [illegible]

That [illegible] bridge had no [illegible] expedition in view. His was a [illegible] personal objective. Below [illegible] moored to the east bank of the ri[illegible] houseboats and [illegible] the Chicago housek[illegible] boat in line [illegible] cruiser, and [illegible] nearth the bridge [illegible] He strained no [illegible] gray dusk, but [illegible] life, nor a single movement that indicated the presence of a living person on the boat.

"Guess Jim ain't home," he [illegible]

Hardly had he spoken when a [illegible] shone thru the windows of the cabin. In the cabin sent forth its feeble [illegible]

"Ah, he's in," breathed the [illegible] "Now to make a big haul."

On second thought—why [illegible] It would arouse suspicion in case [illegible] bridge tender or other river [illegible] should spy him. So he decided to scramble up the bank and walk boldly down the forepath past the [illegible] dwelling. Recognition would be impossible in this semi-darkness, anyhow. And he would simply appear as an innocent houseboater going about his business.

A moment later he quietly entered the cabin of the boat, and softly closed the door behind him. A tall, well-built man, who was shaving before a mirror nailed to the cabin wall, turned quickly to the intruder.

"[illegible] you," he said, with little hint [illegible]

[illegible] answered the other [illegible] a thin, whining tone. "Who'd yer [illegible] Santa Claus."

"[illegible] you [illegible]

[illegible] spin [illegible] [illegible] and swift- [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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on the lake after the sturgeon. It's great sport."

But the prospect of lake fishing evoked little enthusiasm in the perverted mind of Tim O'Neil. It involved too much work. And hardly had Jim left ere he racked his crafty brain to devise some scheme for raising money and making his getaway. To sell the cruiser during Jim's absence was obviously impossible. Perhaps there were articles on board that could be converted into ready cash. He rummaged thru chests, drawers and lockers, making a mental inventory of the articles he would appropriate when the time came.

In a locker he found one of Jim's revolvers. He noted that it was loaded, for he could see the rims of the shells lying flush against the base of the chamber. He carried it gingerly to one of the bunks and laid it very carefully beneath the pillow, for Tim had a cowardly fear of firearms. Then, without extinguishing the light, or stopping to undress, he threw himself upon the bunk and was soon fast asleep.

A few hours later, as the clock in a nearby tower tolled the hour of midnight, he was rudely awakened by a hand grasping his shoulder and shaking him. He stared up sleepily to find his brother leaning over him. Jim was speaking.

"Come on," he ordered, "snap out of it."

"Aw, lemme sleep—" commenced Tim, when his ratty eyes suddenly discerned another bulky figure close behind Jim. It was a uniformed policeman, and Tim cowered back against the wall in frantic fear. Jim released his arm, stepped to the lamp bracket, and turned the light full up. Then he turned to the cringing youth in the bunk and spoke softly.

"Tim, it's all up with you, and I've got to turn you over to the police. You lied to me tonight about Kelly's poolroom. That place is a den of vice, with gambling, bootlegging and all the rest of it. In the raid last night Detective Slavins was shot in the hip and in the shoulder. It is known that you fired both shots."

"Slavins saw ye, afore ye vamoosed," the policeman broke in with a rich brogue. "An' ye're a foine Oirishman, so ye are, ye gun-totin' A. P. A. Shure, 'tis a sad day when a son of Erin packs a gun to save his knuckles."

And Officer Maloney heaved a vast sigh.

"I bought a newspaper to read on the car going to work," resumed Tim, "and it gave full details of the raid; especially the shooting. So instead of going to work I went to the hospital and saw Slavins. His wounds are painful, but not serious. It was a cowardly act, Tim, for everybody had surrendered peacefully when you pulled a gun and shot Slavins. Now you've got to take your medicine try and take it like a man. I'm turning you over to the police to wipe out the stain you've put on our name."

All the while Tim cowered in a corner of the bunk like a trapped rat at bay. For he was a human rat, and with the true rodent instinct he now decided to fight like a rat in a corner. His hand had crept stealthily beneath the pillow, and as Maloney came forward with a pair of shining handcuffs, he quickly withdrew it with Jim's menacing revolver in his grasp.

"Stop! Both of yer!" he shrieked. "Or by God, I'll croak youse both."

Both men stood motionless in wide-eyed astonishment. Jim, completely bewildered by the sudden display of spirit, and Officer Maloney quietly watching for an opportunity to close in on the man he had come to take prisoner. But Tim apparently divined the officer's thoughts.

"Don't try any funny business with me, now, yer ---- harness bull," he snarled, "'cause I've got yer framed."

Tim leered evilly at the two larger men as he flourished the weapon before them. A bestial light shone in his eyes; gone was the last thin veneer of civilization, and when he spoke, it was in the parlance of the gutter.

"Yer goose is cooked, Maloney," he sneered. "I got you two birds framed [illegible]. First, I croaks old 'Flatfoot' Maloney with me brother's own gat. Then I [illegible] Jim in here with yer body, while I steps into th' dinghy and rows across the river. But 'fore I goes I busts a window [illegible] and then plants th' gun out on th' bank for evidence. When th' bulls find it it'll look like Jim croaked yer and then threw th' gun outa th' winder. Gee, but it takes brains to dope out a scheme like that."

Jim and Maloney gazed searchingly into the evil countenance of Tim. They were both fearless men, but the vicious gleam in Tim's eyes gave them little hope for mercy. Maloney, determined to sell his life dearly was setting himself for a desperate lunge at the bunk when Jim spoke quietly.

"Tim," he said, "do you know what day it was last Monday?"

"What do I care what day it was," replied that worthy.

"Shure, last Monday was the Fourth of July," stated Maloney.

"Yes, it was the Fourth of July," said Jim. "And last Monday morning I gave the Fletcher children that revolver and a box of blank cartridges to shoot off and celebrate our national holiday with. That revolver is still loaded with some of those blanks. So you've really got

Child-birth

WHEN the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced this great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used 'Mother's Friend' and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., [illegible]-29, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

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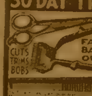

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My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

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Please send free trial of your method to:

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nothing in your hand but a child's toy, a noisemaker."

"Yer a—liar," rasped Tim, his lips now quivering. "If I thought that——"

"I assure you that the gun is merely loaded with blank cartridges," continued Jim. "If you don't believe me just break it open and look for yourself."

With an assumed air of bravado Tim seized the spring catch in his fingers and "broke" the gun. The mechanism worked perfectly. As the barrel swerved downward the prongs of the automatic ejector firmly gripped the rims of the shells and lifted them neatly out of the chamber. Having performed its alloted duty with precision the ejector snapped back into place. The shells thudded to the floor with a loud clatter, for each one was filled with lead. Tim gazed [illegible] consternation.

"Why—why, they're real bullets," he gasped.

"Sure, they're real bullets," cried Maloney, as he gave vent to a loud laugh of relief. And don't ye try to be picking one up or I'll be shpravled out all over ye like a wet blanket." He was chuckling as he adjusted the handcuffs. "It was a slick trick to dope out a foine scheme like that," he continued.

As the officer marched away with his prisoner, [illegible] sat hunched over on a bench in the cabin cabbage. Tears were streaking down his cheeks as he cried softly:

"My brother, my brother!"

THE END.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 13 years old and have grayish eyes and light brown hair. My complexion is medium. What colors do you think would become me? When do you think a girl should keep company with boys? BEAUTY.

[illegible] do not possess a decided yellow or olive shade would be very good for you to wear. With coloring you need some bright shade. A brighter green or rose would be delightful for [illegible] you are getting something a little out of the ordinary, yet becoming and [illegible] you should choose a black or [illegible] shade, be sure that the trimming is such that it will brighten up considerably. You are too young to keep company with boys [illegible] and occupy yourself with more constructive things now.

Dear Miss Parsons: I'm in an awful predicament so please, please help me. I am 21 years old and have been married three years. My husband is 32 and has been good to me except he never would stay home with me, until about three weeks ago. I have always loved him until I met another charming man. I had my teeth worked on by a dentist whom I now care for. His wife was away and he asked me to go to a dance. I have been with him several times since, but I am sure that he doesn't love me. I am deeply in love with him, so please help me. I feel so bad losing some one else when I live with my husband. TROUBLED.

Are you sure that your so-called love for this dentist isn't merely infatuation which could not last because you were lonely for the companionship of some man? Your husband tells you that he was about to lose you to some other man and has decided to remain at home with you from now on. Of course, you should discontinue seeing this young man because he has a wife. He, too, was probably lonely or he wouldn't have invited you to go out with him during his wife's absence. You know that he doesn't love you, why do you insist upon caring for a man who does not respect you? His actions around you may have been perfectly all right, but he has no respect for you or he wouldn't have extended such an invitation when he knew you were married to another.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 15 years old and have been keeping steady company with a boy 18 years old since last April. I love him dearly and he knows it and also told me of his love. He hasn't called on me for more than three weeks and

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Just mail your name and add [illegible] Sent on approval [illegible] Bank examined. [illegible] ed number at this introductory price

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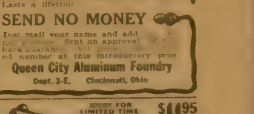

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TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

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May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

Dear Madam: I am a girl of 15 years and am fair and have blue eyes. Will you tell me if a black velvet dress trimmed with mauve would suit me? GEORGETTE.

I am very fond of black velvet on young girls. It is rich looking and is becoming to most every type, regardless of their age. Mauve trimming would be very pretty, but you might choose some brighter color if you would have it appear youthful. There are many blues of the higher shades, which might look very pretty on [illegible] are looking for something new and attractive, use collars and cuffs of white organdy or batiste, which can be laundered. They can be made separate so that with but little work may be changed when soiled.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a young man of 19 years and I am going with a girl of 18. We are deeply in love with each other. Are we too young to get married? NO. 43,210.

Yes, I think you are too young to get married. A young man should have a steady and [illegible] to provide a good home for a girl before he asks her to become his wife. Do not think that two can live as cheap as one, because it cannot be done in this day and age. Be sure to provide for her so that she will be comfortable and happy. Wait a while until you are a little older as you will have many responsibilities when you are a "husband."

Dear Peggy: Please tell me if I am too young to go with boys. I am soon to be 19 and my older sister, who is 24 years old, thinks that I should wait until I am 21. I argue that this is the time that I should be having a good time. Am I right? PHYLLIS.

Yes, Phyllis, I think that you are right this time. A girl should be having what pleasure she can at your age, as she may have to settle down to a more dignified life [illegible] friends and associates should be respectable and of good character and the places you choose to go should bear good names and not be just "any place" to go and have a good time.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a young man 19 years of age and have no bad habits and a very good job. I have been going with a pretty little girl and had learned to love her, but she seems to want her own way in everything. I can't stand this idea. I'm willing to go fifty-fifty with any one. Some time ago I went sixty miles to a fruit supper. She was there and gave me no chance to speak to her personally so I haven't been back since. I have written her two letters but have heard nothing. I will appreciate any advice you can give me. NOYRISHMORO.

I believe I should advise you to forget this young girl as soon as possible, if you have given several chances to show her feeling for you. Indifference is a very good remedy for such actions but if you are unable to see her often, I should think that the best thing for you to do would be to forget her. A young girl should appreciate the friendship of a respectable young man such as you seem to be from your description. She is young and evidently desirous of having lots of friends and many admirers of her opposite sex. This is natural you know and you really shouldn't condemn her too strong. Treat her as she is treating you and I am sure you will see difference if she really care for you

Miss Parsons: I am married and have children. Friends mean more to me than gold. I either love or I don't care at all for my associates, both men and women. I met a gentleman I thought I really cared for in the right way. But, this friend so I hoped he was, thought I really loved him or wanted him for a husband. If he had considered everything and had not been conceited he would have known better. I cared for him because I thought he was a gentleman and I valued his friendship very highly. It was such a shock to me when I learned he was a common fun maker. I would like to know how I could let him know how I feel. What must I do, please?

POLLYANNA PRIM.

I surely shouldn't go out of my way to let this young man know how you feel about this matter. I should ignore him absolutely and act as if nothing had happened. You, no doubt, gave this "friend" some reason for believing you cared for him in such a serious way—perhaps you did not do this knowingly, but very often one's actions are misjudged and particularly so when conceit is present. He is only harming himself by making any remarks about this affair. He is cheapening himself and not you, and any of your friends hearing of this

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A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. W. J. Whittier, [illegible] East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo. [illegible] to heal sores and varicose veins without pain or knife by using his healing discovery, result of 25 years specialty. [illegible]

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Every woman who wants to live a normal happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Parithree is and why it should be so wonderful as and for her. Read this little book which is sent with no charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Simply send name today to Dr. W. Will Brooks, 1845 Ballinger Bldg., Kilgore, Mo. © Dr. W. B. 1924.

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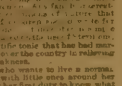

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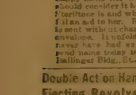

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Just like you used over there. Just like picture here, nothing [illegible] Cal. $8.45
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Goitre For What Ails You

Goitre (fat neck) [illegible] the growth at once reduces the enlargement, and gland and tissue [illegible] Write DR. ROCK, Dept. L. Box 737, Warren, Pa.

I am anxious to know what is the matter. Lately I have been attending dances but he never accompanies me because he hates dancing, but I enjoy going. I know he doesn't want me to go, altho he has never told me so. What should I do—continue going to dances or continue going with him. I am anxious to know.

ANXIOUS BELLE ANN.

[illegible] you about who to and with whom you go. You are too young for that [illegible] any one tell you where you may go, should be your [illegible] girls [illegible] about the a boy friend, and [illegible] with him. You [illegible] friends and not but one. I [illegible] very foolish for this boy [illegible] to accompany one from these [illegible] by because he does [illegible] of recreation. If [illegible] your age to be [illegible] when attending [illegible] sure that the [illegible]

My Dear Miss Perplexed: I am a boy 15 years old and am in love with a certain girl. Sometimes she acts as tho she cares for me and at other times she acts just the opposite. I have treated her nicely as far as I know, altho it hasn't told her I love her. One time while on a hike, we were walking side by side and when she saw I was there she walked away with some others. What do you think she said she loved me, before nearly the entire school. Will you tell me whether or not I may really loves a girl or not?

LOVE SICK.

I [illegible] to answer your last question first, but after thinking it over seriously, you will agree with me. You are too young to really know what love is, and should not declare your love for the girl until you know what you are saying. Continue to treat this girl as nice as possible, but do not go out of your way to be more congenial with her than with the other girls. You have so many years before you in which you can [illegible] Keep your mind on your studies in school and you will benefit more than if you kept your [illegible]

General Delivery

(Continued From Page 4.)

they were at home and she had had the [illegible] and [illegible] her. Then she spoke.

"Everything was splendid," [illegible] "The big men of the institution [illegible] me grand, and after I [illegible] pica to Mr. Green [illegible] pronounced on. [illegible] Mr. Green told [illegible] Such psychology. [illegible] young man [illegible] ity are [illegible] lived so clean a [illegible] wish and will see that the bonding company do not take [illegible] Mrs. Brown, he would, 'It has been [illegible] you, my mother passed [illegible] you remain [illegible] dinner with me?' [illegible] ted," the widow continued, [illegible] the best of friends, after he had accepted an invitation to run out next summer when on his vacation."

Fred stooped and kissed her [illegible] overcome with emotion for [illegible] left the room to retire for the night.

"Do you know [illegible] mind," said the Widow [illegible] the following morning.

He looked up from the bread [illegible] with a smile "No, [illegible] sweetest.

[illegible] Fred paled as she said that, [illegible] continued quickly, "You understand that in order to start all over again you must have a new name again. So I have figured out a story to the effect that the [illegible] in New York, thru one of your relatives have discovered a mix-up in the records of your family and that you are really Herbert [illegible] and not Herbert [illegible] That will give you an excuse to assume your real name again."

"Why, you're a wonder," [illegible] claimed, his face beaming with joy. "I can go to one of the neighboring towns for a week, and when I come back tell the folks that I was in New York having my name changed."

"That will give me a good chance to talk to Mary for you," said Mrs. Brown.

And so Fred went away for a week. Two days seemed like months to him while he was gone, and this proved to him how infatuated he was with Mary Meadow. When he returned a week later, he was cordially welcomed by Mr. Brown.

"Well, my boy," spoke the bank president, "it seems kind of strange to call you Fred after calling you Herbert for [illegible]

Fred smiled and made some commonplace remark about its being strange to answer to a new name.

After supper that night, Mrs. Brown said to him, "You had better walk over to [illegible] and buy me some white [illegible]

Fred jumped up, glad of an opportunity to go to the store, for he had not seen Mary for a week and a half. When he got to the point of asking the widow what she had said to Mary, but as she did not approach the subject he let it pass.

When he reached the door of the store he breathed a sigh of thanks as he noticed it was devoid of customers. Mary was there, in a little blue checked gingham gown, her reddish hair glistening and wearing a smile to which the [illegible] artist of all times would have had hard time to do justice.

"Hello!" she said. "Back, are you?"

"You bet I am, Mary, and to stay," he answered.

"Let me see," she sort of mimicked, puckering up her lips and wrinkling her brow, "It's Mr. Fred Carter I am talking to, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied, with a boldness surprised even himself, "Yes, Mr. Fred Carter. And it's Miss Mary Brown I am talking to, is it not?"

She became serious at his remark by abruptness surprised her.

"Do you feel that way [illegible] she asked.

"Ever since I first set eyes [illegible] he replied.

"Well, I had a long talk with Mrs. Brown and one with Mr. Harder," she said. "They both spoke words [illegible] you."

"Then you will have me [illegible] eagerly, coming close to her and looked into each others' eyes [illegible] was lost in ecstasy.

A cough brought [illegible] it was Jimmy, the mail boy.

"Here's a letter for you," [illegible]

Mary looked around, blushed, smiled.

"I have the male here," was [illegible]

THE END

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Hidden Parts of the Body

200—In each sentence find [illegible] body. The letters spelling it are [illegible]

1. Ivan instructed James to begin [illegible] garden.
2. [illegible]
3. The actor exceeded the [illegible] the other animals.
4. "I wouldn't risk [illegible] stock," declared Smith important to [illegible] body.
5. "Life eternal has neither [illegible] nor end," said the speaker.
6. "Where quotes [illegible] haunt, do not rupt," quoted the preacher.
7. Did Allan say that he [illegible] money for the tickets?
8. An inner vest of [illegible] times prevent a cold.
9. He carefully pressed his suit [illegible] he won the lady.

Word Building.

201—To a vowel add a letter to [illegible] a word that is not outside; another to have a sharp pointed end; to my lady's dress; add another and [illegible] cutting with the scissors; add another and have a measure; add another and have part of the foot; add another, have a regular allowance of [illegible]

An Anagram.

202—With the same six letters [illegible] ently arranged form the [illegible]

A boss
3. Men who rule wild beasts
4. Latin parents
5. To replace certain [illegible] vessels

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

197—Additions.

1. P-one 2. D-roll
D-earth. 3. D-ear 4. D-[illegible]
5. D-aunt. 6. D-ale 7. [illegible]

198—Zigzag.

Harvest: 4. sixV
1. Hare 5. sIXth
2. Ohio 6. Five
3. heRe. 7. Tune

199—Four-word square.

[illegible]

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

[illegible]

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1250 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Antiseptic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the [illegible] pain and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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[illegible]

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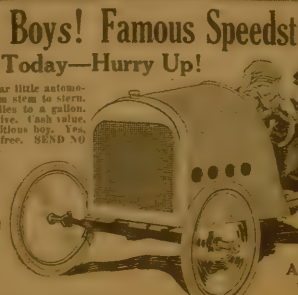
This famous Speedster is a regular little automobile, an honest-to-goodness car from stem to stern. Run 4 to 25 miles an hour, 60 miles to a gallon. Carries two passengers. Easy to drive. Cash value $175.00, but it is free to some ambitious boy. Yes, FREE! Positively and absolutely free. NO MONEY. Just your name and address and find out how easily some one can get this wonderful Speedster free.

SEND NO



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Any Boy Can Drive This Speedster

2½ Horse Power Wire Wheels-Racer Model Sturdy, Fast, Safe and Dependable

GIVEN AWAY

Send No Money [illegible] and address. This will bring you the story of the free Speedster and 1,000 Speedster Votes. Everything is free of cost so hurry the coupon to me.

Can You Solve This Puzzle?

Make out the words spelled by the numbers below and win 1,000 Speedster Votes. The letters of the alphabet are [illegible] B is 2, C is 3, and so on. Each [illegible] minute or two and solve it [illegible] for your correct answer to the puzzle. [illegible] 1,000 Speedster Votes

7	9	22	5	14	6	18	5	5

Just think of driving a car of your very own. [illegible] name for it. Pride and pleasure to the limit. [illegible] joy ahead of you if you will only act quickly—[illegible] minute. Send your puzzle answer right now. [illegible] Speedster is Free and you might as well start to [illegible]

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500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

JACK ROSE, Auto Man. Dept. 6
500 No. Dearborn St., Chicago

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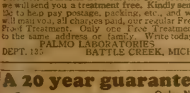

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The Spirit of the Sportsman

By Arthur Talmage Abernethy

WHEN Ralph ("Slim") Slattery married Dorothy MacGill, everybody said that he had attached himself more or less permanently to trouble in wholesale style. Some even went so far as to predict a breach in their matrimonial alliance before the baseball season wound up in a gala spurge in the world series.

It was not that Dorothy was not the most charming of girls. For she was all of that.

There was not a prettier young woman in the city where Ralph was starring that season as the pitching ace of the team. As vivacious as a vigorous, buxom, healthy, one-hundred-per-centalive, out-of-doors girl could be; with dimples that carrolled over her face with an irresistible invitation to Ralph to leave the pitcher's box and plant a kiss upon them every time Dorothy attended the game, she was that sort of a girl who carried with her an infectious fervor wherever she chanced to make her appearance. She was a kind of human magnet, attracting the attention and admiration of everybody who saw her. On the street in company with her tall, handsome, athletic husband—for Ralph stood six feet four in his hosiery—her petite figure caused sober matronly men to stop, look and listen, and staid old Benedicts often felt the austere fervor of their better halves when they were discovered casting furtive and admiring glances after the charming little Mrs. Slattery as she passed.

In point of seasons in which she was the champion pitcher of the home team, and on the occasion of the first meeting was as romantic as it was ineffaceable from Ralph Slattery's memory.

He was engaged in a titanic struggle against the picked pitcher of the opposing team, and the spirited rivalry was at its most exciting stage. It was a neck-to-neck race margin between the home team and the champions of the league. Rabid fellow players and fans of the local contingent stood within half a dozen feet of the outcome of that momentous struggle. Upon it depended the participation of the home team in the world series.

It was in the last of the ninth inning; the score was tied, the count was three and two men were out, with the pinch hitter at the bat. Ralph had just succeeded in sending two invisible liners over the plate which the umpire had called strikes, when the batter, who looked menacingly at Ralph as he wound himself for the delivery, swung viciously at the ball, which went for a foul over the grand stand back of third base. Dorothy MacGill, surrounded by a group of seniors from the female seminary in the home city, was rooting for dear life for Ralph's team.

In violation of all the precedents in well-regulated league baseball tactics, the beautiful girl arose in her daintily-gloved hand and whether accidentally or not, she caught the ball. When the usher went to claim it, she refused to surrender it, "except to the handsome new pitcher of the home team. If he would come for it in person, well and good. Otherwise, she meant to keep it as a souvenir of the [illegible] and

Of course, it was a violation of baseball ethics, but "when a woman's in the case," as the saying goes. And [illegible] for the Mardens [illegible] team. Disregarding the [illegible] consequences of the [illegible] the game, Judge [illegible] called the game. Slattery could whimper.

And Ralph bounded [illegible] of the [illegible] her hand, [illegible] that her [illegible] impact of the catch; her hand [illegible] linen handkerchief [illegible]

It was a case of love at first sight [illegible] virgins [illegible] fired the batter. In the next inning, the first and second men up fanned. Slattery, the third man up, hit a hot ball, and could afford to rip the horsehide cover from its [illegible] collision that sent it far over the left [illegible] home run which [illegible] proved to be the winning [illegible] team.

WHEN the news of Dorothy's escapade at the ball park reached her father, his wrath knew no bounds. He stormed and raged and threatened. He would send Dorothy off to a boarding school; he would place her in a convent; he [illegible] married Dorothy MacGill, everybody said that he had attached himself more or less permanently to trouble in wholesale style. Some even went so far as to predict a breach in their matrimonial alliance before the baseball season wound up in a gala spurge in the world series.

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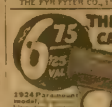

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No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

[illegible] her millionaire father. It was useless to appeal for help from that source, for the news of her marriage to the ball pitcher had been answered with a curt telegram from her father that she was [illegible] more his child; she had deliberately [illegible] where than to him for any comfort.

It began to dawn on Ralph Slattery's mind that his pretty wife would never be satisfied with what he could earn as a ball pitcher, large as his salary was. It was utterly insufficient to supply the luxuries of his pampered and petted [illegible].

Slattery had all his life been a conscientious man. He despised gambling and had never even engaged in the usual pastime of some of his fellow-[illegible] mates, the other national game of [illegible].

As the contest for the first place in the league progressed far into the season, Slattery saw with sick-ning dread that his work was no longer interested [illegible] he became [illegible] at times was fretful. Once she openly upbraided him. Other ball players' wives were wearing diamonds and furs and [illegible] how was it that [illegible] of the league, was never able to give his wife these things? Slattery had saved a small sum [illegible] not afraid pleased with what might happen if Dorothy should meet her former [illegible] Then the scenes [illegible] have a mollifying effect [illegible].

By a strange freak of coincidence, the three final games to be played on the home grounds were to decide which of the two contesting teams would win the league pennant and thereby engage in the World Series for the championship. Ralph pitched his best and won both games. His team left the grounds on the final day, proud in its first place in the realm of baseball players.

Returning to his hotel, Slattery's ears heard the resounding salvos of the thousands, but when he reached his rooms he found a note from Dorothy that sent a chill of terror through him. Her father had called to see her in his absence; for the first time he learned that she had not even attended his final effort to win the pennant for the home team; she had decided to visit her old home for a conference with her parents. She informed Ralph rather curtly, he thought, in the note, that her father had proposed that she give him up for a financial consideration and return to her own people and her proper social rank. She still loved him, she admitted, but without the luxuries to which she had been accustomed all her life she felt that her sacrifice was more than he should [illegible].

Slattery spent the whole evening in a state of perplexity, for he was in love. His first impulse was to visit his unreasonable father-in-law and demand the return of his wife. If the man were obdurate, well, Ralph rubbed his fingers across the thick rolls of muscle that corded his mighty arms and muttered to himself that it would not prove healthful for the banker.

Slattery's musings were cut short by the sudden arrival of the manager.

Slattery was to accompany him that very evening to Chicago to make plans for the World Series. There was not even time for him to call his wife over the telephone. The hotel proprietor was delegated to attend to that. Within the hour Slattery was en route with the manager and other officials of the team for the West. Reaching Chicago he telegraphed his wife that it would be impossible for him to return for her. She should meet him at —— Hotel, in New York, in time for the opening game of the World Series.

When Ralph reached New York he found a letter awaiting him from Dorothy. She was happy to be reconciled with her people. She still loved him, she said, but unless he could find some way to better their financial circumstances, she did not deem it best for her to join him again until later—perhaps after the termination of the World Series.

Ralph knew what that meant.

For him it was the end of his happiness. Even with his share of the players' bonus in the great game, he could never hope for enough money to meet the demands of his pretty wife.

Nursing in silence the bitterest suffering of all, his grief, Slattery went into the first game and won. The second, third, and fourth games were played. The two contending teams were so evenly matched that the World Championship trembled in the balances, until the sixth game was played. When the sun went down on that afternoon, Slattery's team had won three and the opponents three. Slattery had pitched in three of the games of his team in the series, winning two and being knocked out of the box in the third.

Then came the final game, with Slattery in the box pitching against the best pitcher of the opposing team. Fortunately for Slattery, before the first inning was over, a storm broke and the game was called on account of wet grounds.

The management announced that the game would be played on the following day with the same batteries. Ralph Slattery went to his hotel with a heart as heavy as lead. In response to his telegrams and letters Dorothy had only answered that she would rejoin him if he could assure her of the luxuries her nature required.

SLATTERY was pacing his room in the hotel when, about 9 o'clock, there came a mile rap at his door. Opening it, he was confronted by three well-dressed men, each carrying a small hand bag. They introduced themselves and were invited to be seated. They were Western business men, they said, deeply interested in the national pastime, and, as they confessed, they had placed heavy wagers on the team opposing Slattery's, winning the championship of the world.

You are a married man, I believe, said one of the men. "You have won remarkable fame as a star in the game, but you know as well as I do that baseball, like everything else, is uncertain. [illegible] of gain and loss. [illegible] we hope to lead in [illegible] some time you must break [illegible] pitchers have broken." Then he stepped up nearer Slattery and [illegible]:

"Why not feather your nest when you have the opportunity of a lifetime, and [illegible] from the game?"

Slattery's first impulse was to knock the man cold in his tracks. But the vision of Dorothy's demands appeared temptingly before him. After all, he half meditated to himself, was not this presidential?

The man proceeded:

"You are, scheduled to pitch the final game of the series, I understand, Mr. Slattery. You have already distinguished yourself by winning two of the series. Your earnings on that score are assured. If you will excuse my bluntness, Mr. Slattery, understand I am not here to attempt to bribe you; it is merely loyalty to my home team in which I am interested; what would be your price to throw the game tomorrow and permit our team to win the World Championship?"

As the man said this the gentleman holding the hand bag opened it and spread before Slattery's eyes a huge bundle of one thousand dollar bills. The speaker took them in his hands, and counted off fifty of them, which he laid on the table beside Ralph.

"Those are yours for the word," he said. Then, without saying more, he tossed five more of the same denomination on top of the pile.

Taking his hat he turned to his companions, who rose to their feet.

"You need not say anything, Mr. Slattery. We will read your answer in to-[illegible]

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Enclosed find 12 cents to cover cost of mailing and notice for my Zodiacal Interpretation.

Name [illegible]

Important
Birth date: Month [illegible] Day [illegible] Year [illegible]

Address [illegible]

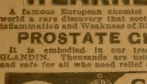
City [illegible] State [illegible]

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European chemist has given the world a rare discovery that soothes and allays inflammation and Weakness of Bladder, and the

PROSTATE GLAND

It is embodied in our treatment, PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands are using it. Simple and safe for all who need relief from suffering.



Sleep all night no getting up

If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PRO-GLANDIN on Free Trial.

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ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET

To introduce we will give away 100,000 packages ABSOLUTELY FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and book called "Self Care" Be sure to treat yourself. Every Bladder or Prostate sufferer should read it. Send no money. Just your Address and get all by return mail. Free.

E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

KILLS ASTHMA GERMS IN THREE DAYS

To prove that Asthma-Tabs will absolutely rid you of Asthma and Hay Fever, and that terrible sneezing, wheezing and shortness of breath I will send you a regular $1.00 treatment of my famous home remedy absolutely FREE and postpaid. No obligation—no cost. This wonderful prescription will remove these troubles in a few days.

Mrs. C. H. Lea, Hoberg, Mo., says: "My daughter had a light attack the third day but has not had any since. May God's blessing rest on the discoverer of such a boon to humanity."

Since this does not cost you anything and does not obligate you in any way, simply send name and address for free treatment today, and prove at my risk that you can be rid of asthma. R. N. Townley, ASTHMA-TAB LABORATORIES, 427 Baker-Vawter Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Then, without any further words, the three men quickly left the room.

Slattery's body shook with alternating chills and fever. Such a situation had never presented itself to him in all his athletic career before. He was too dazed to give vent to his feelings. He sat stupidly in his chair for an hour.

Then he he rose dizzily, from his seat, disrobed himself, and walked into his bathroom, where he turned on the cold showers. Re-entering his bedroom, he tossed the pile of one thousand dollar bills into his suitcase, and turning off the electric lights, threw himself heavily on his bed.

But Slattery could not sleep. He heard the city clocks strike every hour of the long, tedious night. He rolled on his pillow; a sense of utter shame and remorse haunted him. There alone with his supreme consciousness of the probity of his athletic career, he felt that he could strangle the three tempters who had sought to bribe him. True, he had not accepted their money, but the morrow he would try to find the men and return their filthy dollars. Comforted somewhat by this resolve, Ralph finally fell into a light sleep. But it was already far into the morning, and he had scarcely closed his eyes when the phone rang briskly. It was his manager's voice, calling him to rise for the great meeting with the Cubs.

When Slattery went to the ball park that afternoon he did not go directly to the players' bench, but first entered his uniform he made a complete tour of the grand stand. He carried the fifty-five one thousand dollar bills in his hip pocket; he firmly intended to find his infamous tempters and expose them publicly to the crowd.

But the men were not to be seen. The time came when Slattery must don his uniform and join the players in the preliminary "warming up" practice before the game.

The umpires and players took their stations, and the game began, with Slattery in the box. Never yet had he did he put forth such determination to win. His delivery was flawless; man after man faced him only to be driven from the plate by his inerrant strikes. The crowd screamed itself hoarse every time Slattery went to the slab in the box. When he came to bat, a deafening roar of applause thundered in his ears.

The game remained a tie until the two innings in Slattery's team two runs in the lead. When the opposing team went to bat, the pitcher was two to nothing in favor of Slattery. The first man who faced Slattery bunted a fast incurve and was safe at first. The next batter connected with a vicious swing that sent the ball far out into the left field, sending the batter to third and scoring the first man to bat. The crowd held its breath in suspense as the third batter, a right hitter, took his place before Slattery, and pounded his bat against the home plate. The first ball cast by Slattery shot fairly across the plate, and the impire shouted "strike one."

The next ball cut the plate, but was tipped for a foul.

The score now stood two strikes, no outs, a man on third, with the finest pinch hitter in the league at bat, and the board saying one to two in favor of Slattery's team.

Slattery uttered a silent prayer, wound himself up for the supreme effort of his pitching career, and with the utmost with a swing of his mighty right arm that sent the ball with the speed of a bullet directly over the plate.

The pinch hitter, contrary to every precedent in the history of baseball hitters, struck at the end of his willow meekly against the vicious, whirling horsehide for a bunt, and weak-kneed he made for first while the man on third slipped quietly home, tying the score.

The next batter knocked a fly into Slattery's hands and was the first out. Ralph fanned the next batter with three rapid inshoot curves, and the thousands in the grand stand began to wriggle and squirm in the nervous anxiety of the most unusual World's Series contest in the history of the game.

Read the score again:

There are three games won on each side; they are in the last half of the ninth inning of the deciding game of the series; the score is two to two with two men out, and the greatest pitcher in organized baseball in the box.

The manager and captain of the team opposing Slattery's held a brief conference, and the score-board was seen to change. The name of the regular batter up was replaced with that of "Home Run King" Rutherford. Rutherford had been recruited from the minors the season another club, and was being held in reserve for just such an emergency as this.

Pitcher Slattery knew Rutherford's mastery of the willow; there was not another man in the league to pitch against whom Slattery would rather not have been pitted at that crucial moment.

For on the outcome of the game with it the World Championship Slattery felt depended not only his fame as the world's greatest pitcher, but his honor and integrity were at stake. It was the only way he felt that he could give the lie direct to his sordid tempters of the evening previous which his chivalrous nature sportsmanship honestly impelled. If he lost the game, Ralph knew, that no matter how his own conscience might sustain him, somewhere, three men would be walking the face of the earth holding him in utter scorn as the receiver of a bribe to throw his team's success away.

But Slattery was already weakening. Loss of sleep and the continual pain at his heart—which no medicine but the tender massage of a loving hand now withdraws from him, could cure—had robbed him of the staying qualities which had made him the "iron man" in other contests. So, alternating between physical depression and mental torture, Slattery faced the Home Run King with one last desperate determination to retire him to the bench.

Ralph's first threw went a little high and was called a ball. The next was as clean a strike as ever fanned the breeze, and Rutherford missed it apparently a mile. Ralph felt a little easier. He must have slipped as he swung his next throw, for the ball went high over the batter's head and rebounded against the grand stand. This started the jeering rooters of the opposing team with a bombardment of hisses and catcalls and cries of "Kill him out!" "He am has no control!" "Charlie-horse!" etc. Flushed with indignation, Slattery shot another ball across the plate, but the umpire for some reason reasoning mortals never will be able to comprehend pronounced it a ball. Rutherford's sodium broke loose in the grand stand and even in the players' stand two men had to be sent to the showers for using offensive language to the umpire. Slattery mutely bit his already bleeding lips. One big right curve, a strike, and he turned loose the next throw. It went for "strike two!"

Three men for each contesting team, the last half of the ninth inning of the final game of the series with Slattery, the finest pitcher, and the greatest baseball pitcher in the world in the box against the greatest batter in baseball history, with two three balls and two strikes. A man on third waits to go in home.

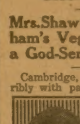
On this memorable day Ralph Slattery's mighty right arm hinged the championship of the world, his reputation as the greatest baseball pitcher, honor as a sportsman and athlete above the power of dirty dollars.

Slattery raised his feet for an instant, lifted his mighty arm high over his head, brought it around with a vicious swing, and across the intervening distance from the pitcher's box to the home plate there shot something that seemed to defy all laws of gravitation. The ball seemed to be on fire. That is, the blur it appeared to make, for no human eye could have seen that rocketing ball.

The "King of Home Runs" quivered and shivered momentarily as Ralph set-

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Mrs. Shaw Calls Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a God-Send to Sick Women



Cambridge, Maine.—"I suffered terribly with pains and soreness in my ovaries. Each month I had to go to bed, and the doctor told me I simply had to go under an operation before I could get help. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I told my husband one day to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I took the third dose I felt better. I took it four times a day for two years, getting better all the time, and now for four years I don't have any pains. After taking the medicine for two years I had another child—a baby girl now four years old—the life of our home. I do praise this medicine. It is a Godsend to women who suffer with female troubles and especially for pains in the periods. I surely was very bad once, and I know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation."—Mrs. JOSIE M. SHAW, Route No. 1, Cambridge, Maine.

A country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound reports 98 out of every 100 were benefited by it. For sale by druggists everywhere.

$18.00 SUITS ONLY $11.95
AGENTS
$25 A Week Spare Time
$75 A Week Full Time
EXTRA!
Sell Boys 2 pants SUITS!
JUST READ THIS!
91% Repeat Orders
No Competition—Easy Sales!
START MAKING MONEY THE VERY FIRST DAY
$2500 First $2500 Gives Away!
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CAN BE CURED

Free Proof To You

J. C. HUTZELL

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment—and you can try it at my risk—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over Seventy thousand Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter—anyone, any where, how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—give me a chance to prove my claim.

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

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Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

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tled in his tracks to receive the verdict. The report of a resounding whack echoed with the deadening consciousness on Slattery's mind that in that final struggle he had lost. The ball went far out over the right fielder's head and deep into the distant blue and across the fence into the street beyond. The man on third galloped leisurely across the home plate as the "King of Home Runs" regained his throne. Slattery was no longer prince of pitchers. The World's Championship, and with it, Ralph felt, his integrity, had gone with that last stroke.

SLATTERY slunk out of the grounds without as much as going to the showers, tossing his street clothes into a suitcase and making his way in the uniform he felt he had disgraced, to the rear entrance of the hotel. There he packed his belongings hurriedly and telephoned for a taxi, not even waiting to see his team-mates or the manager. Within an hour he was speeding on an express train that would condescend to stop on a flag signal at a little country place in the woods of Arkansas. It was the barren farm of his father and mother, the only place he knew as home.

There Ralph found his parents in a state of great distress. His coming, they said, seemed a God-send, for Ralph was their only child, and they needed comfort in that hour. Their home, at best never more than a meager pittance as a producer of life's comforts, was to be auctioned off by the sheriff in payment of a mortgaged long over-due. Slattery, senior, told his son that he had tried, in vain, everywhere to raise the money to meet the obligation.

Ralph thought at once of the fifty-five one thousand dollar bills. It was, after all, honest money, he thought, for he had earned it in his titanic effort to prove his probity. Without telling his father how he had come into possession, Ralph took the bundle of bills from his suitcase and tossed them on the table before his parents.

"There, dad, are fifty-five thousand dollar bills," he said. "If it takes more than that, I know where to get it."

The old man raised himself on his feet, stared at his son for a minute, then put his arm around his shoulder. The mother, tears filling her dear eyes, eyes that had soothed Ralph as a child, talked excitedly and lavished him affectionately. The father said:

"How good God is. Let us give Him thanks for this deliverance."

On the bare floor the three went to their knees, the mother shedding tears of joy as the father poured out his heart to a God he had always trusted, and the huge pitcher, his long knees sprawled over the cracks in the flooring, with his wilderness staring wildly as he thought of the old adage, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

When they rose, the father said to the son:

"Ralph, my boy, your mother and I have but a short time to live at most, for our course is well nigh run. The old home place is yours by right. Your mother and I shall make a deed to you now, with the proviso that we are to share the home with you as long as we live."

Ralph tried to protest, he really did not want the place, but he hesitated to say so for fear of injuring his parents' feelings. The aged man went to an old desk, took from it a faded parchment, and searching among some bundles of papers, he found a blank deed, on which he made a copy of the old one, transcribing Ralph's name where his had been before. He signed his name nervously, calling his wife to do the same, which she cheerfully did. This he passed over to Ralph and went out carrying the bundle of one thousand dollar bills in his hand. Never has he returned with the canceled mortgage, which they burned in the open fireplace with a rousing "three cheers."

Now, dear reader, you have been very patient and I shall not insult your intelligence to ask if you are at all conversant with the history of Arkansas in 1926. The discovery of oil gushers, especially in that section of the State where Ralph Slattery's farm lay, so completely revolutionizing business and transforming the peaceful people of one day into multi-millionaires the next, is history.

Slattery does not play ball now, for he owns the champion team. He also owns the bank of his home city where his father and mother formerly presided. Magill is now general executive director of the Ralph-Dorothy Trust Company. Dorothy? Dorothy Dunn, if you will take the trouble to inquire, will tell you that Mr. Ralph Slattery, the oil and money magnate now, owner of a string of race horses, motor boats, yachts, and a castle on the blue Dabube, is conservatively estimated to be worth fifty-five millions. And Dorothy, his wife? I am glad you asked that. Why, if she is not at their home, "Slattery Castle," marble garage heckling the half dozen chauffeurs who handle the same number of Rolls-Royces (more or later) in the place, is probably pacing the spacious front lawn trying to prevent Ralph, senior, clad in uniform and cap, and wearing a mitt seven sizes too large for him, from hurling every stone he can locate into one of the French plate glass windows, for a "strike."

For the lad is the born image of his athletic sire.

Age and Weight Influence Taste in Perfumes.

CHOICE in perfumes varies with sex, age and height, according to tests made by Prof. A. P. Poffenberger of Columbia and announced yesterday.

Samples of perfumes were given 200 girls of Barnard and Teachers' College by Professor Poffenberger, and their preferences listed. Later a similar test was made by him in co-operation with R. H. Macy Co. at the seventy-first Armory Perfume Show.

Lilac, he discovered, is by far the choice of the 1,600 women and 400 men tested. From lilac, the most delicate preference swings, as men grow older and women grow younger, towards pungent perfumes like oriental bouquet.

Slim women want faint perfumes, to do all young men. Very young girls, Professor Poffenberger found, have a tendency to choose rather strong scents.

In the complete test for women, lilac led, followed by Oriental bouquet, jasmine, French bouquet, violet and rose. For men, first was lilac, followed by French bouquet, jasmine, Oriental bouquet, rose and violet.

Goose Livers Bring Fame.

THE little town of Strasbourg has been made world famous through its manufacture of goose liver pies. Pate de foie gras, as it is said to have been invented in the latter part of the eighteenth century by a famous chef, Jean Close, cook of the Prince de Condes, one-time governor of Alsace.

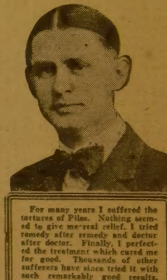
There are about twenty-five manufacturers. The geese are supplied by the farmers. Some families have been engaged in raising geese for generations. It is necessary that the liver of a goose reach its maximum size before being used for pies and in the autumn the farmers select the larger birds, place them in individual boxes and feed them on pasta of corn, cooked and mixed with milk. The daily exercise unless a case of overfeeding is noted, then they are released and allowed to run freely. The livers of the ordinary liver weighs about one and one-half pounds and the farmer receives approximately $1.25 a pound. The livers and veins are extracted from the liver and are spiced, placed in cans or jars of truffles and baked.

Expert Definition.

"Dad," inquired the son of a Philadelphia lawyer, "just what is a case?"

"Well, my boy, is a cause brought to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."

"Stop Pile Agony in 1 Hour"



For many years I suffered the tortures of Piles. Nothing seemed to give me real relief. I tried remedy after remedy and doctor after doctor. Finally, I perfected the treatment which cured me for good. Thousands of other sufferers have since tried it with such remarkably good results, that I want to put the treatment in the hands of every sufferer. For a limited time, therefore, I will send my regular $2 treatment, absolutely free and without obligation to any sufferer who will write for it.

Treatment Sent Free

New, Easy Method Gives Amazing Results in Thousands of Cases—Requires Only a Few Minutes a Day in the Privacy of Home.

Would you give just 5 minutes time a day to **prove** you can speedily be cured of protruding, bleeding or itching Piles? If so, I want to send you, absolutely free, my new painless Kuro Pile treatment which cured me and thousands of others after everything else failed. It makes no difference how bad your case is, or of how long standing. Old stubborn cases yield almost as readily as milder ones. Simply use my simple, home method in the privacy of your home—it doesn't cause loss of time from work or pleasure—and I confidently predict you will feel like a new person in less than one hour's time.

Thousands Cured—
Read These Letters of Proof.

Too Good to Believe

"I have used all of the 14-day treatment of Kuro Pile Remedy and feel as if I am cured. It is too good to believe."—P. J. HASTOUT, Cal.

Helpless with Piles—Able to Work in 4 Days

"They were going to take me to a hospital when your medicine reached me. For 16 years I have been tied down with Piles and for the past two months was almost helpless. I could get no relief and only God knew what I suffered. After using your treatment 4 days I do all my work—nothing for five in the family. [illegible] doubts this let them write me."—MRS. DORRINS, Mo.

Cured When Others Fail

"I am glad to say that Kuro Pile Remedy cured me after 2 supplies when others failed. I have recommended it to others. I thank you much for prompt service."—A. RAINEY, S. C.

Feels Like a New Woman

"I think Kuro Pile Remedy is a God send. I suffered with piles 15 years and never got relief from anything else. Now I feel like a new woman."—MRS. T. C. EARNEST, Ark.

Piles Never Returned

"I have taken the treatment and my Piles never returned since the 14-day treatment. I will always praise Kuro Pile remedy."—D. R. BRIGHT, Texas.

Saved Her from the Knife

"Kuro Pile Remedy has done me so much good. I had Piles for 20 years and a doctor wanted to operate. Kuro has saved me from the knife. I feel like a new woman."—MRS. H. S. HAZELTON, N. C.

Bedfast with Piles—At Work in 2 Days

"Greatest praise to you and your Kuro Pile Remedy. I was bedfast with big, protruding Piles when I received your treatment. In two days my Piles were gone and I was able to go to work—and my case was of 20 years standing. I think it is the greatest Pile remedy in the world."—ALBERT KING, Tenn.

Cured and Grateful

"About one and one-half months ago you sent me a treatment of Kuro Pile Remedy, with the result that it has cured me without doubt. If I [illegible] wish I will send you the names of others."—JOHN HAKE, Ore.

Says He Is Completely Cured

"For 15 years I have been a sufferer of Piles. I had three operations and suffered untold misery. Kuro Pile Remedy and am completely cured. I am today. I would not take a thousand dollars for it if anyone wants to write me I will only be too glad to explain my case."—W. W. BROOME, Ark.

No Obligation Whatever for this FREE Trial

Please remember you are not obligated to pay a cent for this scientific treatment. There is nothing to pay the postman on delivery. I merely wish to introduce my new, successful treatment to Pile sufferers everywhere by curing cases in every neighborhood. So, if you suffer from Piles of any kind, don't hesitate to send in the attached coupon and I will send you my regular $1.00 treatment, free, by postpaid mail in plain wrapper. If it cures you tell your friends and pay me what you think is fair, otherwise the loss is mine. Write today for this free treatment before my introductory offer is withdrawn.

You might spend hundreds of dollars trying various treatments—but I do not ask you to risk anything but a postage stamp to get this proof of a cure.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today.

W. R. Darlington, KURO REMEDY CO.,
702 Kuro Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Without obligation to me, you may send me your $1.00 Kuro treatment, free. If I am cured, I will tell my friends and pay you what I think is fair, otherwise I am to pay nothing.

Name .....

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(Please write name and address plainly)

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PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS PROCURED. SEND SKETCH OR model today for search and prompt report and advice. No charge for blank form to disclose your ideas. Blank form on which to disclose your idea. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 69 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C. Offices: 3 doors from Patent Office.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. H. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

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Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 8% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 600-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUTO polishes, specialties and extracts. Customers from samples; no capital; or experience necessary; steady, profitable work; sensational advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 52 years in business. Write for full particulars. Lovern & Browne Company, Wholesale Grocers, 1720 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri.

SELL COAL IN CARLOAD LOTS, SIDE OR basis line. Experience unnecessary. Earn week's pay in an hour. Liberal drawing account arrangement. Kentucky Coal Company, 772 Coal Exchange Building, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, $80 TO $40 WEEKLY SPARE TIME or appointing newsdealers, local agents to handle The Saturday Blade and illustrated story Weekly. Others make $10 extra in a day. Experience unnecessary. Spare time will do. Write for proposition. Ideal Mfg. Co., Dept. A-53, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—QUICK SALES, BIG PROFITS. A quick seller every minute. Sell to every home for our high class line of pure food products, toilet articles, perfumes, extracts. Write today for money-making plans. American Products Co., 1655 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our exclusive patented sanitary metal yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of samples furnished free. Sample outfit furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 372 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto to producer. Write for premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful dresses and petticoats. Big outfit free. Every set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay Daily. The Mfg. Co., 823 Madison St., Dept. 23CC, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS—NO CAPITAL or experience required. Distribute hose, luggage, windows, wagons. Six initials bring $1.50—only one sold daily pays you well; easy as applying stamps on envelopes. No license. No soliciting. Spare time. Write Interstate (C) Monogram Works, Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS: $16 A DAY. LATEST IMPROVED portable talking machine. Plays any record. Sells on sight to home. Built in just like a suitcase. Fully guaranteed. Big daily profits. Write Lincoln Phonograph Co., Class 1911, Dayton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write today for free selling samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, New Jersey.

GOLD MINE FOR SALESMEN. NEW INvention, a complete outfit. Washes and irons without sprinkling or steam. Costs less than brooms. Over 100% profit. Greatest seller ever demonstrated. Sanitary Mfg. Co., 103 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: GET OUR BIG SAMPLE ASSORTment. Ten articles, everybody needs them, food products, things people eat, 240 fast selling articles in one complete line. Write quick. Hastings Company, 495 Harley Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL A REAL MONEY-MAKER—SELFseal pressure cooker. A household necessity. Handsomely designed, safe and reliable. Sells at $6.00 profit every sale. Write for "How to Make Money." Self-Seal Pressure Cooker Co., Dept. F, Jamaica, N. Y.

WANTED: MEN AND WOMEN WHO DEsire to increase our business. Write us at once; no experience unemployed. Write us at once for our proposition. Harry Lee Chicago Co., 5 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 59, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS: YOU CAN COIN MONEY SELLing the new Fabric table covers; require no laundering. Size 54x56, prepaid $1.75. Illustrated handbook free. Write for sample and special offer. B. Condon, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—MAKE QUICK, EASY MONEY—$10 and more a day, selling Comfort shirts. A new idea. Big values. Write quick for commission. Exact outfit, quickest service. Write for details. Comfort Shirt Co., 72-F Broadway, New York.

EARN $10 DAILY SELLERING MIRRORS, beautiful assortment, including bevel, shadow, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Decla Laboratories, 1138 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: $1.00 AN HOUR EASY SELLING a quick-action, long-lasting, new fancy soap boxes selling like wild-fire. Huge line, catalogue and sample free. Ward Co., 1000 Wood, 606 Oakley, Blvd., Chicago.

DUSTLESS SPONGE CLOTH. NEW INVENtion; cleans, polishes and dusts; polishes automobiles, furniture, pianos. Sells (60c); costs (free). Sample (Mc). Dustless Sponge, Hartford, Conn.

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct to wearer. Exclusive territory. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for samples. Madison Mills, 502 Broadway, New York.

NEW INVENTION BEATS VACUUM SWEEPer as dirt gets away. No electricity required. All complete only $3.85. Over 100% profit in agents. Write E. Morgan Mfr., 321 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.44. 10 orders daily easy. Write today for free samples. Quick, Dept. 2, Newark, N. J.

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ABSOLUTELY FREE BOX BASSETT'S NAture Herbs sent to introduce; for constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Big seller. Selling all of last time. Established 1878. Bennett, Dept. H, Columbus, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

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AGENTS MAKE REAL MONEY SELLING a book of experience; 160 pages photos, Rubber Apparel catalogue. Divest thing out-burry! Experience, 443 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

BIG PROFITS HANDLING OUR SECOND hand clothing. We also start you in this business. Experience unnecessary. America Jobbing House, Dept. 40, 2026 Grand Ave., Chicago.

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EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL DUO to Double Quick. Extracts, toilet goods, household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Products Co., Dept. 7, Peoria, Ill.

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ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS 17 TO 65 willing to accept Government positions, $117-$250, write immediately for list 210 Ozment, 366, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

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DETECTIVE — BIG OPPORTUNITIES for ambitious men. Experience unnecessary. We train you free. Clarke System, Box 727, Providence, R. I.

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PLANT CONSISTING OF 40 HORSE POWER Nash engine. (Gas or gasoline) 25 kilowatt Nash volts 2 phase generator, with exciter and board. Will sell complete or separate. All in fine condition. Address Box 1000, Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger, 600 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Attention A. Nash.

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PRODUCTIVE MISSOURI LAND CLOSE TO town, 15 acres, 15 cash, $5 monthly, 15 fruit trees, 26 grapes, 700 strawberries, 150 for fruit, poultry, cows, hogs, etc. Healthful, pure water. Fine hunting and fishing. Edwin Munger, 819-J Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.

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DR. ROWE, 112 N. PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y. Twenty years specialist in kidney, urinary, bowel and rectal troubles. Many diseases cured; private institutional or home treatment. Home for ladies during confinement.

WEALTHY, REFINED LADIES, GENTLEmen, everywhere, desire marriage. Big membership. Descriptions free; sealed, plain, sealed. 10c. Sunflower Club, Garden City, Kansas.

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YOUR GLANDS WEAR OUT!

If You Could Prevent the Wear and Tear on Your Glands Caused by Sickness, Age, Disease, etc., You Would Look and Feel as Young at 70 as at 25. Science However Has Solved the Secrets of the Glands and Now for the First Time Shows You the True Way to *Keep* or *Regain* Your Vigor by Feeding and Replenishing the Most Important Glands!

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You Will Throw Away Your "Tonics" and Your Alcoholic "Medicines" Once You Try This Greatest of All Health Builders.

The Lewis Gland Treatment is absolutely original in every particular and nothing like it has ever been known in medical science.

This Combination Method is far ahead of any "Medicine"—"Tonic"—or stimulant ever used in the past. In one week's time it will accomplish more in the cases for which it is intended than a year's doctoring with any other form of treatment or drugs known.

First you must realize that this most modern method of administering **Actual Gland Substance** is so entirely new that it can not yet be purchased in drug stores. Every treatment is sent direct to the person for whom it is intended.

And in order to introduce the Lewis Method quickly, we are prepared to send 50,000 Demonstration Treatments entirely FREE without one penny of expense now or ever to those who will send for them.

We know that everyone who gives this Gland Rejuvenator a trial will be a living, walking testimony for every claim we are making and that it is destined to replace all the old fashioned drugs usually prescribed for weakness and lack of vigor.

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The Demonstration Treatment will prove to you beyond reasonable doubt that the Lewis Method of Gland Growth and Rejuvenation is the most wonderful treatment for the renewing of strength and vigor that has ever been conceived.

It is based entirely on the principle of Feeding Actual Gland Substance Direct to the Glands—thereby actually renewing and rejuventing them.

This Method of giving new life to the glands is advocated and endorsed by the leading students of gland therapy throughout the world—including Dr. Arnold Lorand who is generally conceded to be the greatest living authority on this subject.

The actual Method of Treatment used by us is the result of Exhaustive experiments covering several thousand cases, during the past two years.

The "Lewis" Treatment Is Practically Never Failing

So surely will this Method of Treating Glandular Insufficiency bring back your strength and renew your interest in life, that we can claim very truthfully that we are offering you your choice between Happiness and Health or Despondency and Debilitation.

If you have tried many other forms of medical treatment without relief and have despaired of finding anything helpful, then you are the very one above all others to whom we will most gladly send one of our Demonstration Treatments. All you are asked to do is to Test this new Method in your home and at our expense. Surely you will not permit any doubt or prejudice to stand in your way when such a liberal offer as this is made you.

Remarkable Letters Come to Us Daily. Here Is a Sample. Read It.

Lewis Laboratories, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Believing I owe you a testimonial, I will tell you and to the world that I consider your new gland treatment the greatest remedy of modern times. I have doctored for years and got no relief when you read of my story you will understand why I am so grateful. I used to be an actor in the Minstrel Show business and did lots of singing and hard work. Years ago from overexertion I lost my manly vigor, my back got out of shape and I found a goiter set in on my left side. For years I had to drag about but it was always worse for me if my shoe soles off. Was numb across the small of my back. I could not go up or down stairs. In fact I was a wreck every way. I tried everything without any help. I tried your gland treatment as a last resort. After three weeks' treatment I found I could get down and raise my feet in the air. Before I couldn't raise my foot six inches from the floor. After five weeks the paralysis disappeared. I could walk or run as good as any man, my vigor has returned and I feel like a new person. Everyone I meet remarks how young I look to be. I honestly believe your gland treatment should be brought to the notice of everybody who has lost his health and pep and suffers as I did. I know it will help them for everything I have tried failed to help me. I am glad at any time I have recommended to try your gland treatment and you may use my name. I am a Sir Knight member L. O. O. M. number 17. Moose Legion No. 77 and my lodge brothers will gin them names to any statement I make.

Yours truly,
Robert Andrews.
Box 348 Georgia, Ky. Incorporate for

A Special Treatment for Women Also

You will notice in the coupon that we ask whether the treatment is intended for male or female.

This is necessary because the two treatments are absolutely different as to formulas. The female treatment contains Lutein and is particularly recommended for the ailments to which women are most commonly subject. Any Physician will testify as to the wonderful value of Lutein for women's troubles and will also understand that this substance would be of no benefit if administered in a treatment for men. We mention this one point of difference to emphasize the fact that the Lewis Treatment for Women is especially prepared for that sex.

Here Is the Experience of One Michigan Woman

Lewis Laboratories, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find money order for which please rush my next treatment, as I am nearly out and do not want to be. Your treatment for the building of the glands is a most wonderful discovery. I have had the most wonderful results from it and the many years of suffering I had from female troubles are also removed. Since then my life has been miserable. I suffered so much that I would have committed suicide; were it not for my two sons. I tried everything without any relief and the agony was awful. I was advised to try your new gland treatment and I have thanked my creator ever since. The first week's treatment helped me greatly, my head seemed clearer, my whole system felt lighter and I received it gladly. I had a new ambition instilled in me to live. I am now suffering really little and I don't want to interrupt the treatment, so please rush this to me. I have recommended your gland treatment to so many people. I again want to thank you for what your treatment has done.

Yours for health,
Mrs. Nancy Briggs
1208 Norton St., Flint, Mich.

What You May Expect This Treatment to Do for You

The Lewis Method will positively Rebuild and Replace worn and wasted gland tissue. It will increase vitality both physical and mental. It will renew strength, especially as to the functioning of the glands. It will increase your endurance and render you less liable to fatigue. It will improve your general health, and in most cases cause a marked improvement in your appearance. Your appetite will increase and you will almost surely gain in weight if you are at present in a "run-down" condition.

It is especially recommended to men for Prostatic troubles, Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders and Rheumatism, both muscular and joint.

The instructions and suggestions that accompany the Demonstration Treatment will tell you about the Lewis Treatment in much greater detail than is possible in a general announcement.

Too Much Heavy Work Is the Cause of Many Breakdowns

Lewis Laboratories, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

Have just finished a month's treatment and must congratulate you on your wonderful discovery. It does not seem possible that you can restore young vigor and strength so entirely unknown to science as treatment. Being an engineer of this building have considerable responsibility and through overwork I was completely run down. I fell from a building some months ago and the shock so weakened me that I lost all my vigor and pep. I received your gland treatment a month ago and it has certainly done wonders for me. My wife said a week ago that the change in me amazed her. The treatment put a youthful vigor in my body and I feel so much younger, it is unbelievable. My wife is now starting on your special treatment for women. Am talking of your treatment to all my friends and will be glad to write to anyone about it.

Gratefully yours, Mr. James Walsh
1315 E. Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Not a Mere "Medicine" But a Genuine Systemic Restorative

This Gland Building Treatment is the greatest rebuilder of worn or wasted gland tissues that has ever before been prescribed.

It will act very much like a powerful force that reached down, picked you up when you were helpless and set you on your feet with the will and the power to be a man among men.

Only those who have had the privilege of testing this Method can have any real comprehension of its wonderful efficiency.

Send for your Demonstration Treatment NOW. Don't wait until it is too late and all the free treatments are gone. If you will follow your impulse and fill out the coupon and mail it before you let this paper get out of your hands you will be sure to receive your treatment within a few days. Then you will see and know, and will be in the happy position of being able to judge for yourself.

All our correspondence and all packages are sent by us come to you in plain, sealed containers.

This Coupon

Entitles You to a Demonstration Treatment Entirely

FREE

Lewis Laboratories,
Lewis Bldg.—Corner Market and Washington Sts.
Dept. 2508, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me at once a copy of your Demonstration Treatments for the Glandular Rejuvenation of Worn or Wasted Glands.

My age is .....

I wish to be sent me in plain wrapper and entirely without cost or obligation on my part. I wish ..... Male
the treatment for ..... Female
(Mark a cross before the one you wish)
Note:—If you wish, please enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

A Private, Personal, Home Treatment, Superior to Anything Ever Before Discovered. More Certain and Lasting Than Any Other Method of Gland Stimulation and Restoration